life-preserver) and the Captain of the Port comes off to us in his small boat, climbs up the side of the St. Louis, and folds the healthy form of Captain Hudson to his breast. There is no wharf here, and we have to anchor off the town.

There was a wharf, but the enterprising Mexican peasantry, who subsist by poling merchandise ashore in dug-outs, indignantly tore it up. We take on here some young Mexicans, from Colima, who are going to California. They are of the better class, and one young man (who was educated in Madrid) speaks English rather better than I write it. Be careful not to admire any article of an educated Mexican's dress, because if you do he will take it right off and give it to you, and sometimes this might be awkward.

I said: "What a beautiful cravat you wear!"

"It is yours!" he exclaimed, quickly unbuckleing it; and I could not induce him to take it back again.

I am glad I did not tell his sister, who was with him and with whom I was lucky enough to get acquainted, what a beautiful white hand she had. She might have given it to me on the spot; and that, as she had soft eyes, a queenly form, and a half-million or so in her own right, would have made me feel bad.

Reports reach us here of high-handed robberies by the banditti all along the road to the City of Mexico. They steal clothes as well as coin. A few days since the mail coach entered the city with all the passengers stark-naked! They must have felt mortified.

CALIFORNIA

We reach San Francisco one Sunday afternoon. I am driven to the Occidental Hotel by a kind-hearted hackman, who states that inasmuch as I have come out there to amuse people, he will only charge me five dollars. I pay it in gold, of course, because greenbacks are not current on the Pacific coast.

Many of the citizens of San Francisco remember the Sabbath day to keep it jolly; and the theatres, the circus, the minstrels, and the music-halls are all in full blast tonight.

I "compromise" and go to the Chinese theatre, thinking perhaps there can be no great harm in listening to worldly sentiments when expressed in a language I don't understand.

S.C.H. **2C**
The Chinaman at the door takes my ticket with the remark, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!"
And I tell him that on the whole I think he is right.
The Chinese play is "continued", like a Ledger story, from night to night. It commences with the birth of the hero or heroine, which interesting event occurs publicly on the stage, and then follows him or her down to the grave, where it cheerfully ends.
Sometimes a Chinese play lasts six months. The play I am speaking of had been going on for about two months. The heroine had grown up into womanhood, and was on the point, as I inferred, of being married to a young Chinaman in spangled pantaloons and a long black tail. The bride's father comes in with his arms full of tea chests, and bestows them, with a blessing, upon the happy couple. As this play is to run four months longer, however, and as my time is limited, I go away at the close of the second act, while the orchestra is performing an overture on gongs and one-stringed fiddles.
The door-keeper again says, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!" adding, this time, however, "Chow-wow." I agree with him in regard to the ki hi and hi ki, but tell him I don't feel altogether certain about the chow-wow.

To Stockton from San Francisco.
Stockton is a beautiful town, that has ceased to think of becoming a very large place, and has quietly settled down into a state of serene prosperity. I have my boots repaired here by an artist who informs me that he studied in the penitentiary; and I visit the lunatic asylum, where I encounter a vivacious maniac who invites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros.
John Phœnix was once stationed at Stockton, and put his mother aboard the San Francisco boat one morning with the sparkling remark, "Dear mother, be virtuous and you will be happy!"

Forward to Sacramento—which is the capital of the State, and a very nice old town.
They had a flood here some years ago, during which several blocks of buildings sailed out of town and have never been heard from since. A Chinaman concluded to leave in a wash-tub, and actually set sail in one of those fragile barks.
A drowning man hailed him piteously, thus: "Throw me a rope, oh, throw me a rope!" To which the Chinaman excitedly cried, "No have got—how can do?" and went on, on with the howling current. He was never seen more; but a few weeks after his tail was found by some Sabbath-school children in the north part of the State.

I go to the mountain towns. The sensational mining days are over, but I find the people jolly and hospitable nevertheless.

At Nevada I am called upon, shortly after my arrival, by an athletic scarlet-faced man, who politely says his name is Blaze.

"I have a little bill against you, sir," he observes.
"A bill—what for?"
"For drinks."
"Drinks?"
"Yes, sir—at my bar. I keep the well-known and highly respected coffee-house down street."
"But, my dear sir, there is a mistake—I never drank at your bar in my life."
"I know it, sir. That isn't the point. The point is this: I pay out money for good liquors, and it is people's own fault if they don't drink them. There are the liquors—do as you please about drinking them, but you must pay for them! Isn't that fair?"

His enormous body (which Puck wouldn't put a girdle round for forty dollars) shook gleefully while I read this eminently original bill.

Years ago Mr. Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company. There was a formidable and well-organized opposition to the California Stage Company at that time, and Mr. Blaze rendered them such signal service in his capacity of agent that they were very sorry when he tendered his resignation.

"You are some sixteen hundred dollars behind in your accounts, Mr. Blaze," said the president, "but in view of your faithful and efficient services, we shall throw off eight hundred dollars of that amount."

Mr. Blaze seemed touched by this generosity. A tear stood in his eye and his bosom throbbed audibly.

"You will throw off eight hundred dollars—you will?"
he at last cried, seizing the president’s hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

“I will,” returned the president.

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Blaze, “I’m a gentleman, I *am*, you bet! And I won’t allow no Stage Company to surpass me in politeness. *I’ll throw off the other eight hundred dollars and we’ll call it square!* No gratitude, sir—no thanks; it is my duty.”

I get back to San Francisco in a few weeks, and am to start home Overland from here.

The distance from Sacramento to Atchison, Kansas, by the Overland stage route, is twenty-two hundred miles, but you can happily accomplish a part of the journey by railway. The Pacific railway is completed twelve miles to Folsom, leaving only two thousand and one hundred and eighty-eight miles to go by stage. This breaks the monotony; but as it is midwinter, and there are well-substantiated reports of Overland passengers freezing to death, and of the Piute savages being in one of their sprightly moods when they scalp people, I do not—I may say that I do not leave the capital of California in a light-hearted and joyous manner. But “leaves have their time to fall”, and I have my time to leave, which is now.

We ride all day and all night, and ascend and descend some of the most frightful hills I ever saw. We make Johnson’s Pass, which is 6752 feet high, about two o’clock in the morning, and go down the great Kingsbury grade with locked wheels. The driver, with whom I sit outside, informs me, as we slowly roll down this fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time, and cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money. “Because,” he says, “juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with *me*, you bet.”

“How is that?” I said.

It was frightfully dark. It was snowing withal, and notwithstanding the brakes were kept hard down, the coach slewed wildly, often fairly touching the brink of the black precipice.

“How is that?” I said.

“Why, you see,” he replied, “that corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have a
overturn I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don’t sue. They ain’t on it.”

Thus with anecdote did this driver cheer me up.

**WASHOE**

We reach Carson City about nine o’clock in the morning. It is the capital of the silver-producing territory of Nevada.

They shoot folks here somewhat, and the law is rather partial than otherwise to first-class murderers.

I visited the territorial prison, and the Warden points out the prominent convicts to me, thus:

“This man’s crime was horse-stealing. He is here for life.

“This man is in for murder. He is here for three years.”

But shooting isn’t as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a grave-yard.

“A feeling of remorse,” he said, “sometimes comes over me! But I’m an altered man now. I hain’t killed a man for over two weeks! What’ll yer poison yourself with?” he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

There used to live near Carson City a notorious desperado, who never visited town without killing somebody. He would call for liquor at some drinking-house, and if anybody declined joining him he would at once commence shooting. But one day he shot a man too many. Going into the St. Nicholas drinking-house he asked the company present to join him in a North-American drink. One individual was rash enough to refuse. With a look of sorrow rather than of anger the desperado revealed his revolver, and said, “Good God! Must I kill a man every time I come to Carson?” and so saying he fired and killed the individual on the spot. But this was the last murder the bloodthirsty miscreant ever committed, for the aroused citizens pursued him with rifles and shot him down in his own door-yard.

I lecture in the theatre at Carson, which opens out of a drinking- and gambling-house. On each side of the door
where my ticket-taker stands there are monte-boards and sweat-cloths, but they are deserted tonight, the gamblers being evidently of a literary turn of mind.

Five years ago there was only a pony-path over the precipitous hills on which now stands the marvellous city of Virginia, with its population of twelve thousand persons, and perhaps more. Virginia, with its stately warehouses and gay shops; its splendid streets paved with silver ore; its banking houses and faro-banks; its attractive coffee-houses and elegant theatre; its music-halls, and its three daily newspapers.

Virginia is very wild, but I believe it is now pretty generally believed that a mining city must go through with a certain amount of unadulterated cussedness before it can settle down and behave itself in a conservative and seemly manner. Virginia has grown up in the heart of the richest silver regions in the world, the El Dorado of the hour; and of the immense numbers who are swarming thither not more than half carry their mother's Bible or any settled religion with them. The gambler and the strange woman as naturally seek the new sensational town as ducks take to that element which is so useful for making cocktails and bathing one's feet; and these people make the new town rather warm for awhile. But by and by the earnest and honest citizens get tired of this ungodly nonsense and organize a Vigilance Committee, which hangs the more vicious of the pestiferous crowd to a sour-apple tree; and then come good municipal laws, ministers, meeting-houses, and a tolerably sober police in blue coats with brass buttons. About five thousand able-bodied men are in the mines underground here; some as far down as five hundred feet. The Gould and Curry Mine employs nine hundred men, and annually turns out about twenty million dollars' worth of "demnition gold and silver", as Mr. Mantalini might express it—though silver chiefly.

There are many other mines here and at Gold Hill (another startling silver city, a mile from here), all of which do nearly as well. The silver is melted down into bricks of the size of common house bricks; then it is loaded into huge wagons, each drawn by eight and twelve mules, and sent off to San Francisco. To a young person fresh from the land of greenbacks this careless manner of carting off solid silver is rather of a startler. It is related that a young man who came Overland
from New Hampshire a few months before my arrival became so excited about it that he fell in a fit, with the name of his Uncle Amos on his lips! The hardy miners supposed he wanted his uncle there to see the great sight and faint with him. But this was pure conjecture, after all.

I visit several of the adjacent mining towns, but I do not go to Aurora. No, I think not. A lecturer on psychology was killed there the other night by the playful discharge of a horse-pistol in the hands of a degenerated and intoxicated Spaniard. This circumstance, and a rumour that the citizens are agin literature, induce me to go back to Virginia.

I had pointed out to me at a restaurant a man who had killed four men in street broils, and who had that very day cut his own brother's breast open in a dangerous manner with a small supper-knife. He was a gentleman, however. I heard him tell some men so. He admitted it himself. And I don't think he would lie about a little thing like that.

The theatre at Virginia will attract the attention of the stranger, because it is an unusually elegant affair of the kind, and would be so regarded anywhere. It was built, of course, by Mr. Thomas Maguire, the Napoleonic manager of the Pacific, and who has built over twenty theatres in his time, and will perhaps build as many more, unless somebody stops him—which, by the way, will not be a remarkably easy thing to do.

As soon as a mining camp begins to assume the proportions of a city—at about the time the whisky-vendor draws his cork or the gambler spreads his green cloth—Maguire opens a theatre, and with a hastily organized "Vigilance Committee" of actors, commences to execute Shakespeare.

MR. PEPPER

My arrival at Virginia City was signalized by the following incident:

I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel than I was called upon by an intoxicated man, who said he was an editor. Knowing how rare it was for an editor to be under the blighting influence of either
spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said:

“What name?”

“Wait!” he said, and went out.

I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside.

In ten minutes he returned and said:

“Pepper!”

Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it; and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away.

I have often heard of a man being so drunk that he didn’t know what town he lived in, but here was a man so hideously inebriated that he didn’t know what his name was.

I saw him no more, but I heard from him. For he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said I had a dissipated air.

HORACE GREELEY’S RIDE TO PLACERVILLE

When Mr. Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the Tribune in favour of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fête the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be fêted at seven o’clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, “Henry, this great man must be there by seven tonight.”

And Henry answered, “The great man shall be there.”

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.
“Sir,” said Mr. Greeley, “are you aware that I must be at Placerville at seven o’clock tonight?”

“I’ve got my orders!” laconically returned Henry Monk. Still the coach drugged slowly forward.

“Sir,” said Mr. Greeley, “this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!”

Again came the answer, “I’ve got my orders!”

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half-hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

“That is right, my good fellow!” cried Mr. Greeley. “I’ll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!”

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed. Crack, crack, went the whip, and again “that voice” split the air. “Git up! Hi yi! G’long! Yip—yip!”

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up-hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage-horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an india-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said:

“Do—on’t—on’t—on’t you—u—u think we—c—c—shall get there by seven if we do—on’t—on’t go so fast?”

“I’ve got my orders!” That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head “might have been seen” at the window.

“Sir,” he said, “I don’t care—care—air, if we don’t get there at seven!”

“I’ve got my orders!” Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a somerset.

“See here!” shrieked Mr. Greeley, “I don’t care if we don’t get there at all!”

“I’ve got my orders! I work for the Californy Stage Company, I do. That’s wot I work for. They said, ‘Git this man through by seving.’ An’ this man’s goin’ through. You bet! Gerlong! Whoo-ep!”

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley’s bald head
suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst
the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop you — maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk:
"I've got my orders! Keep your seat, Horace!"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville,
they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who
had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him
into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and
a six-horse wagon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white
dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was
nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided
with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to
Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs,
and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the
committee.

"He was, a few miles back!" said Mr. Monk. "Yes," he
added, after looking down through the hole which the fearful
jolting had made in the coach-roof—"yes, I can see him! He
is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the Chairman of the Committee,
presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley,
sir! We are come most cordially to welcome you, sir—why,
God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is
as follers: 'Git him there by seving.' It wants a quarter to
seving. Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the Committee-men, seizing the
off-leader by the reins—"Mr. Monk, we are come to escort
him into town! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass
band, and the people, and the young women, sir!"

"I've got my orders!" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders
don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women.
My orders says, 'Git him there by seving.' Let go them
lines! Clear the way there! Whoo-ep! Keep your seat,
Horace!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession,
upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing
the wagon which contained the beautiful young women
in white.

Years hence grey-headed men, who were little boys in this
procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach-roof.

Mr. Monk was in time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

TO REESE RIVER

I leave Virginia for Great Salt Lake City, via the Reese River Silver Diggings.

There are eight passengers of us inside the coach—which, by the way, isn't a coach, but a Concord covered mud-wagon.

Among the passengers is a genial man of the name of Ryder, who has achieved a widespread reputation as a strangler of unpleasant bears in the mountain fastnesses of California, and who is now an eminent Reese River miner.

We ride night and day, passing through the land of the Piute Indians. Report reaches us that fifteen hundred of these savages are on the rampage, under the command of a red usurper named Buffalo Jim, who seems to be a sort of Jeff Davis, inasmuch as he and his followers have seceded from the regular Piute organization. The seceding savages have announced that they shall kill and scalp all pale-faces (which makes our faces pale, I reckon) found loose in that section. We find the guard doubled at all the stations where we change horses, and our passengers nervously examine their pistols and readjust the long, glittering knives in their belts. I felt in my pockets to see if the key which unlocks the carpet-bag containing my revolvers is all right—for I had rather brilliantly locked my deadly weapons up in that article, which was strapped with the other baggage to the rack behind. The passengers frown on me for this carelessness, but the kind-hearted Ryder gives me a small double-barrelled gun, with which I narrowly escape murdering my beloved friend Hingston in cold blood. I am not used to guns and things,
and in changing the position of this weapon I pulled the trigger rather harder than was necessary.

When this wicked rebellion first broke out I was among the first to stay at home—chiefly because of my utter ignorance of firearms. I should be valuable to the Army as a Brigadier-General only so far as the moral influence of my name went.

However, we pass safely through the land of the Piutes, unmolested by Buffalo James. This celebrated savage can read and write, and is quite an orator, like Metamora, or the last of the Wampanoags. He went on to Washington a few years ago, and called Mr. Buchanan his Great Father, and the members of the Cabinet his dear Brothers. They gave him a great many blankets, and he returned to his beautiful hunting-grounds and went to killing stage-drivers. He made such a fine impression upon Mr. Buchanan during his sojourn in Washington that that statesman gave a young English tourist, who crossed the plains a few years since, a letter of introduction to him. The great Indian chief read the English person's letter with considerable emotion, and then ordered him to be scalped, and stole his trunks.

Mr. Ryder knows me only as "Mr. Brown", and he refreshes me during the journey by quotations from my books and lectures.

"Never seen Ward?" he said.

"Oh no."

"Ward says he likes little girls, but he likes large girls just as well. Haw, haw, haw! I should like to see the d—d fool!"

He referred to me.

He even woke me up in the middle of the night to tell me one of Ward's jokes.

I lecture at Big Creek.

Big Creek is a straggling, wild little village; and the house in which I had the honour of speaking a piece had no other floor than the bare earth. The roof was of sage-brush. At one end of the building a huge wood fire blazed, which, with half a dozen tallow-candles, afforded all the illumination desired. The lecturer spoke from behind the drinking-bar. Behind him long rows of decanters glistened; above him hung pictures of race-horses and prize-fighters; and beside
him, in his shirt-sleeves and wearing a cheerful smile, stood the barman. My speeches at the bar before this had been of an elegant character, perhaps, but quite brief. They never extended beyond "I don't care if I do", "No sugar in mine", and short gems of a like character.

I had a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased—the barman especially; for at the close of any "point" that I sought to make, he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist and exclaimed, "Good boy from the New England States, listen to William W. Shakespeare!"

Back to Austin. We lose our way and, hitching our horses to a tree, go in search of some human beings. The night is very dark. We soon stumble upon a camp-fire, and an unpleasantly modulated voice asks us to say our prayers, adding that we are on the point of going to Glory with our boots on. I think perhaps there may be some truth in this, as the mouth of a horse-pistol almost grazes my forehead, while immediately behind the butt of the death-dealing weapon I perceive a large man with black whiskers. Other large men begin to assemble, also with horse-pistols. Dr. Hingston hastily explains, while I go back to the carriage to say my prayers, where there is more room. The men were miners on a prospecting tour, and as we advanced upon them without sending them word they took us for highway robbers.

I must not forget to say that my brave and kind-hearted friend, Ryder of the mail coach, who had so often alluded to "Ward" in our ride from Virginia to Austin, was among my hearers at Big Creek. He had discovered who I was, and informed me that he had debated whether to wallop me or give me some rich silver claims.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY

How was I to be greeted by the Mormons? That was rather an exciting question with me. I had been told on the plains that a certain humorous sketch of mine (written some years before) had greatly incensed the Saints, and a copy of the Sacramento Union newspaper had a few days before fallen into my hands, in which a Salt Lake correspondent quite clearly intimated that my reception at the new Zion might be unpleasantly warm. I ate my dinner moodily and sent out
for some cigars. The venerable clerk brought me six. They cost only two dollars. They were procured at a store near by. The Salt Lake House sells neither cigars nor liquors.

I smoke in my room, having no heart to mingle with the people in the office.

Dr. Hingston "thanks God he never wrote against the Mormons", and goes out in search of a brother Englishman. Comes back at night and says there is a prejudice against me. Advises me to keep in. Has heard that the Mormons thirst for my blood and are on the look-out for me.

Under these circumstances I keep in.

The next day is Sunday, and we go to the Tabernacle in the morning. The Tabernacle is located on —— street, and is a long, rakish building of adobe, capable of seating some twenty-five hundred persons. There is a wide platform and a rather large pulpit at one end of the building, and at the other end is another platform for the choir. A young Irishman of the name of Sloan preaches a sensible sort of discourse, to which a Presbyterian could hardly have objected. Last night this same Mr. Sloan enacted a character in a rollicking Irish farce at the theatre! And he played it well, I was told; not so well, of course, as the great Dan Bryant could; but I fancy he was more at home in the Mormon pulpit than Daniel would have been.

The Mormons, by the way, are pre-eminently an amusement-loving people, and the Elders pray for the success of their theatre with as much earnestness as they pray for anything else. The congregation doesn't startle us. It is known, I fancy, that the heads of the Church are to be absent today, and the attendance is slim. There are no ravishingly beautiful women present, and no positively ugly ones. The men are fair to middling. They will never be slain in cold blood for their beauty, nor shut up in gaol for their homeliness.

There are some good voices in the choir today, but the orchestral accompaniment is unusually slight. Sometimes they introduce a full brass and string band in church. Brigham Young says the devil has monopolized the good music long enough, and it is high time the Lord had a portion of it. Therefore trombones are tooted on Sundays in Utah as well as on other days; and there are some splendid musicians there. The orchestra in Brigham Young's theatre is quite equal to any in Broadway. There is a youth in Salt Lake City
(I forget his name) who plays the cornet like a North-American angel.

Mr. Stenhouse relieves me of any anxiety I had felt in regard to having my swan-like throat cut by the Danites, but thinks my wholesale denunciation of a people I had never seen was rather hasty. The following is the paragraph to which the Saints objected. It occurs in an "Artemus Ward" paper on Brigham Young, written some years ago:

"I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorer, inhabited by as theavin' & onprincipled a set of rechis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe."

I had forgotten all about this, and as Elder Stenhouse read it to me "my feelings may be better imagined than described", to use language I think I have heard before. I pleaded, however, that it was a purely burlesque sketch, and that this strong paragraph should not be interpreted literally at all. The Elder didn't seem to see it in that light, but we parted pleasantly.

THE MOUNTAIN FEVER

I go back to my hotel and go to bed, and I do not get up again for two weary weeks. I have the mountain fever (so called in Utah, though it closely resembles the old-style typhus), and my case is pronounced dangerous. I don't regard it so. I don't, in fact, regard anything. I am all right, myself. My poor Hingston shakes his head sadly, and Dr. Williamson, from Camp Douglas, pours all kinds of bitter stuff down my throat. I drink his health in a dose of the cheerful beverage known as jalap, and thresh the sheets with my hot hands. I address large assemblages, who have somehow got into my room, and I charge Dr. Williamson with the murder of Luce, and Mr. Irwin, the actor, with the murder of Shakespeare. I have a lucid spell now and then, in one of which James Townsend, the landlord, enters. He whispers, but I hear what he says far too distinctly: "This man can have anything and everything he wants; but I'm no hand for a sick-room. I never could see anybody die."

That was cheering, I thought. The noble Californian, Jerome Davis—he of the celebrated ranch—sticks by me like a twin brother, although I fear that in my hot frenzy I more
than once anathematized his kindly eyes. Nurses and watchers, Gentile and Mormon, volunteer their services in hoops, and rare wines are sent to me from all over the city, which if I can't drink, the venerable and excellent Thomas can, easy.

I lay there in this wild, broiling way for nearly two weeks, when one morning I woke up with my head clear and an immense plaster on my stomach. The plaster had operated. I was so raw that I could by no means say to Dr. Williamson, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." I wished he had lathered me before he plastered me. I was fearfully weak. I was frightfully thin. With either one of my legs you could have cleaned the stem of a meerschaum pipe. My backbone had the appearance of a clothes-line with a quantity of English walnuts strung upon it. My face was almost gone. My nose was so sharp that I didn't dare stick it into other people's business for fear it would stay there. But by borrowing my agent's overcoat I succeeded in producing a shadow.

I have been looking at Zion all day, and my feet are sore and my legs are weary. I go back to the Salt Lake House and have a talk with landlord Townsend about the State of Maine. He came from that bleak region, having skinned his infantile eyes in York County. He was at Nauvoo, and was forced to sell out his entire property there for $50. He has thrived in Utah, however, and is much thought of by the Church. He is an Elder, and preaches occasionally. He has only two wives. I hear lately that he has sold his property for $25,000 to Brigham Young, and gone to England to make converts. How impressive he may be as an expounder of the Mormon gospel I don't know. His beefsteaks and chicken-pies, however, were first-rate. James and I talk about Maine, and cordially agree that so far as pine boards and horse-mackerel are concerned it is equalled by few and excelled by none. There is no place like home, as Clara, the Maid of Milan, very justly observes; and while J. Townsend would be unhappy in Maine, his heart evidently beats back here now and then.

I heard the love of home oddly illustrated in Oregon, one night, in a country bar-room. Some well-dressed men, in a state of strong drink, were boasting of their respective places of nativity.

"I," said one, "was born in Mississippi, where the sun ever shines and the magnolias bloom all the happy year round."
"And I," said another, "was born in Kentucky—Kentucky, the home of impassioned oratory, the home of Clay, the State of splendid women, of gallant men!"

"And I," said another, "was born in Virginia, the home of Washington, the birthplace of statesmen, the State of chivalric deeds and noble hospitality!"

"And I," said a yellow-haired and sallow-faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short black pipe by the fire during their magnificent conversation—"and I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that?" they said.

"Skeebegan, Maine!" he replied. "Kin I sell you a razor-strop?"

"I AM HERE"

There is no mistake about that, and there is a good prospect of my staying here for some time to come. The snow is deep on the ground, and more is falling.

The doctor looks glum and speaks of his ill-starred countryman, Sir J. Franklin, who went to the Arctic once too much.

"A good thing happened down here the other day," said a miner from New Hampshire to me. "A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules is into the sage-brush. You go catch 'em—that's what you do.' Says the man of Boston dressin', 'Oh no!' Says the driver, 'Oh yes!' and he took his long coach-whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

It didn't strike me as much of a joke to pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold fare, and then be horse-whipped by stage-drivers for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas of humour differ, just as people's ideas differ in regard to shrewdness—which reminds me of a little story. Sitting in a New England country store one day I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers:

"Say, Bill, wot you done with that air sorrel mare of youn?"
"Sold her," said William, with a smile of satisfaction.
"Wot'd you git?"
"Hund'd an' fifty dollars, cash deown!"
"Show! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin' spavin'd critter? Who'd you sell her to?"
"Sold her to Mother!"
"Wot!" exclaimed brother No. 1, "did you raily sell that kickin' spavin'd critter to Mother? Wall, you air a shrewd one!"

A Sensation-Arrival by the Overland Stage of two Missouri gals, who have come unescorted all the way through. They are going to Nevada territory to join their father. They are pretty, but, merciful heavens, how they throw the meat and potatoes down their throats! "This is the first squar' meal we've had since we left Rocky Thompson's," said the eldest. Then addressing herself to me, she said:
"Air you the literary man?"
I politely replied that I was one of "them fellers".
"Wall, don't make fun of our clothes in the papers. We air goin' right straight through in these here clothes, we air! We ain't goin' to rag out till we git to Nevady! Pass them sassiges!"

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Brigham Young sends word I may see him tomorrow. So I go to bed singing the popular Mormon hymn:

Let the chorus still be sung,
Long live Brother Brigham Young,
And blessed be the Vale of Deserêt—rêt—rêt!
And blessed be the Vale of Deserêt.

At two o'clock the next afternoon Mr. Hiram B. Clawson, Brigham Young's son-in-law and the chief business manager, calls for me with the Prophet's private sleigh, and we start for that distinguished person's block.
I am shown into the Prophet's chief office. He comes forward, greets me cordially, and introduces me to several influential Mormons who are present.
Brigham Young is 62 years old, of medium height, and with sandy hair and whiskers. An active, iron man, with a
clear, sharp eye. A man of consummate shrewdness—of great executive ability. He was born in the State of Vermont, and so by the way was Heber C. Kimball, who will wear the Mormon Belt when Brigham leaves the ring.

Brigham Young is a man of great natural ability. If you ask me, “How pious is he?” I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up. Personally he treated me with marked kindness throughout my sojourn in Utah.

His power in Utah is quite as absolute as that of any living sovereign, yet he uses it with such consummate shrewdness that his people are passionately devoted to him.

He was an Elder at the first formal Mormon “stake” in this country, at Kirtland, Ohio, and went to Nauvoo with Joseph Smith. That distinguished Mormon handed his mantle and the Prophet business over to Brigham when he died at Nauvoo.

Smith did a more flourishing business in the Prophet line than B. Y. does. Smith used to have his little Revelation almost every day—sometimes two before dinner. B. Y. only takes one once in a while.

The gateway of his block is surmounted by a brass American eagle, and they say (“they say” here means anti-Mormons) that he receives his spiritual despatches through this piece of patriotic poultry. They also say that he receives revelations from a stuffed white calf that is trimmed with red ribbons and kept in an iron box. I don’t suppose these things are true. Rumour says that when the Lion House was ready to be shingled, Brigham received a message from the Lord stating that the carpenters must all take hold and shingle it and not charge a red cent for their services. Such carpenters as refused to shingle would go to hell, and no postponement on account of the weather. They say that Brigham, whenever a train of emigrants arrives in Salt Lake City, orders all the women to march up and down before his block, while he stands on the portico of the Lion House and gobbles up the prettiest ones.

He is an immensely wealthy man. His wealth is variously estimated at from ten to twenty millions of dollars. He owns saw mills, grist mills, woollen factories, brass and iron foundries, farms, brickyards, etc., and superintends them all in person. A man in Utah individually owns what he grows and makes with the exception of a one-tenth part: that must
go to the Church; and Brigham Young, as the first President, is the Church's treasurer. Gentiles, of course, say that he abuses this blind confidence of his people, and speculates with their money, and absorbs the interest if he doesn't the principal. The Mormons deny this, and say that whatever of their money he does use is for the good of the Church; that he defrays the expenses of emigrants from far over the seas; that he is foremost in all local enterprises tending to develop the resources of the territory, and that, in short, he is incapable of wrong in any shape.

Nobody seems to know how many wives Brigham Young has. Some set the number as high as eighty, in which case his children must be too numerous to mention. Each wife has a room to herself. These rooms are large and airy, and I suppose they are supplied with all the modern improvements. But never having been invited to visit them I can't speak very definitely about this. When I left the Prophet, he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to call again. This was flattering, because if he dislikes a man at the first interview he never sees him again. He made no allusion to the "letter" I had written about his community. Outside, guards were pacing up and down before the gateway, but they smiled upon me sweetly. The verandah was crowded with Gentile miners, who seemed to be surprised that I didn't return in a wooden overcoat, with my throat neatly laid open from ear to ear.

I go to the theatre tonight. The play is *Othello*. This is a really fine play, and was a favourite of G. Washington, the father of his country. On this stage, as upon all other stages, the good old conventionalities are strictly adhered to. The actors cross each other at oblique angles from L. U. E. to R. I. E., on the slightest provocation. Othello howls, Iago scowls, and the boys all laugh when Roderigo dies. I stay to see charming Mrs. Irwin (*Desdemona*) die, which she does very sweetly.

I was an actor once, myself. I supported Edwin Forrest at a theatre in Philadelphia. I played a pantomimic part. I removed the chairs between the scenes, and I did it so neatly that Mr. F. said I would make a cabinet-maker if I "applied" myself.
The parquet of the theatre is occupied exclusively by the Mormons and their wives and children. They wouldn't let a Gentile in there any more than they would a serpent. In the side seats are those of President Young's wives who go to the play, and a large and varied assortment of children. It is an odd sight to see a jovial old Mormon file down the parquet aisle with ten or twenty robust wives at his heels. Yet this spectacle may be witnessed every night the theatre is opened. The dress circle is chiefly occupied by the officers from Camp Douglas and the Gentile merchants. The upper circles are filled by the private soldiers and Mormon boys. I feel bound to say that a Mormon audience is quite as appreciative as any other kind of an audience. They prefer comedy to tragedy. Sentimental plays, for obvious reasons, are unpopular with them. It will be remembered that when C. Melnotte, in the Lady of Lyons, comes home from the wars, he folds Pauline to his heaving heart and makes several remarks of an impassioned and slobbering character. One night when the Lady of Lyons was produced here, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a cussed fuss over one woman. The prices of the theatre are: Parquet, 75 cents; dress circle, $1; first upper circle, 50; second and third upper circles, 25. In an audience of two thousand persons (and there are almost always that number present) probably a thousand will pay in cash, and the other thousand in grain and a variety of articles: all which will command money, however.

Brigham Young usually sits in the middle of the parquet, in a rocking-chair, and with his hat on. He does not escort his wives to the theatre. They go alone. When the play drags he either falls into a tranquil sleep or walks out. He wears in winter-time a green wrapper, and his hat is the style introduced into this country by Louis Kossuth, Esq., the liberator of Hungaria. (I invested a dollar in the liberty of Hungaria nearly fifteen years ago.)

A PIECE IS SPOKEN

A piece hath its victories no less than war.
“Blessed are the Piece-makers.” That is Scripture.
The night of the “comic oration” is come, and the speaker
is arranging his black hair in the star dressing-room of the theatre. The orchestra is playing selections from the Gentile opera of Un Ballo in Maschera and the house is full. Mr. John F. Caine, the excellent stage-manager, has given me an elegant drawing-room scene in which to speak my little piece.

[In Iowa, I once lectured in a theatre, and the heartless manager gave me a dungeon scene.]

The curtain goes up and I stand before a Salt Lake of upturned faces.

I can only say that I was never listened to more attentively and kindly in my life than I was by this audience of Mormons.

Among my receipts at the box-office this night were:

20 bushels of wheat.
5 " corn.
4 " potatoes.
2 " oats.
4 " salt.
2 hams.
1 live pig (Dr. Hingston changed him in the box-office).
1 wolf-skin.
5 pounds honey in the comb.
16 strings of sausages—two pounds to the string.
1 cat-skin.
1 churn (two families went in on this; it is an ingenious churn, and fetches butter in five minutes by rapid grinding).
1 set children’s under-garments, embroidered.
1 firkin of butter.
1 keg of apple-sauce.

One man undertook to pass a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit) at the box-office, and another presented a German-silver coffin-plate, but the doctor very justly repulsed them both.

THE BALL

The Mormons are fond of dancing. Brigham and Heber C. dance. So do Daniel H. Wells and the other heads of the Church. Balls are opened with prayer, and when they break up a benediction is pronounced.
I am invited to a ball at Social Hall, and am escorted thither by Brothers Stenhouse and Clawson.

Social Hall is a spacious and cheerful room. The motto of "Our Mountain Home" in brilliant evergreen capitals adorns one end of the hall, while at the other a platform is erected for the musicians, behind whom there is room, for those who don't dance, to sit and look at the festivities. Brother Stenhouse, at the request of President Young, formally introduces me to company from the platform. There is a splendour of costumery about the dancers I had not expected to see. Quadrilles only are danced. The mazurka is considered sinful. Even the old-time round waltz is tabooed. I dance.

The Saints address each other here, as elsewhere, as Brother and Sister. "This way, Sister": "Where are you going, Brother?" etc., etc. I am called Brother Ward. This pleases me, and I dance with renewed vigour.

The Prophet has some very charming daughters, several of whom are present tonight.

I was told they spoke French and Spanish.

The Prophet is more industrious than graceful as a dancer. He exhibits, however, a spryness of legs quite remarkable in a man at his time of life. I didn't see Heber C. Kimball on the floor. I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors.

The old gentleman is present, however, with a large number of wives. It is said he calls them his "heifers". "Ain't you goin' to dance with some of my wives?" said a Mormon to me. These things make a Mormon ball more spicy than a Gentile one. The supper is sumptuous, and bear and beaver adorn the bill of fare. I go away at the early hour of two in the morning. The moon is shining brightly on the snow-covered streets. The lamps are out and the town is still as a graveyard.

HURRAH FOR THE ROAD

Time, Wednesday afternoon, February 10th. The Overland Stage, Mr. William Glover on the box, stands before the verandah of the Salt Lake House. The genial Nat Stein is
arranging the way-bill. Our baggage (the overland passenger is allowed only twenty-five pounds) is being put aboard, and we are shaking hands, at a rate altogether furious, with Mormon and Gentile. Among the former are brothers Stenhouse, Caine, Clawson, and Townsend; and among the latter are Harry Ricard, the big-hearted English mountaineer (though once he wore white kids and swallow-tails in Regent Street, and in his boyhood went to school to Miss Edgeworth, the novelist); the daring explorer, Rood, from Wisconsin; the Rev. James McCormick, missionary, who distributes pasteboard tracts among the Bannock miners; and the pleasing child of gore, Captain D. B. Stover, of the Commissary department.

We go away on wheels, but the deep snow compels us to substitute runners twelve miles out.

There are four passengers of us. We pierce the Wahsatch mountains by Parley's Cañon.

A snow-storm overtakes us as the night thickens, and the wind shrieks like a brigade of strong-lunged maniacs, never mind. We are well covered up—our cigars are good—I have on deerskin pantaloons, a deerskin overcoat, a beaver cap, and buffalo overshoes; and so, as I tersely observed before, never mind. Let us laugh the winds to scorn, brave boys! But why is William Glover, driver, lying flat on his back by the roadside, and why am I turning a handspring in the road, and why are the horses tearing wildly down the Wahsatch mountains? It is because William Glover has been thrown from his seat, and the horses are running away. I see him fall off, and it occurs to me that I had better get out. In doing so, such is the velocity of the sleigh, I turn a handspring.

Far ahead I hear the runners clash with the rocks, and I see Dr. Hingston's lantern (he always would have a lantern) bobbing about like the binnacle light of an oyster sloop, very close in a chopping sea. Therefore I did not laugh the winds to scorn at much as I did, brave boys.

William G. is not hurt, and together we trudge on after the runaways in the hope of overtaking them, which we do some two miles off. They are in a snowbank, and nobody hurt.

We are soon on the road again, all serene; though I believe the doctor did observe that such a thing could not have occurred under a monarchical form of government.
We reach Weber station, thirty miles from Salt Lake City, and wildly situated at the foot of the grand Echo Cañon, at three o'clock the following morning. We remain over a day here with James Bromley, agent of the Overland Stage line, and who is better known on the plains than Shakespeare is; although Shakespeare has done a good deal for the stage. James Bromley has seen the Overland line grow up from its ponycy; and, as Fitz-Green Halleck happily observes, none know him but to like his style. He was intended for an agent. In his infancy he used to lisp the refrain:

"I want to be an agent,  
And with the agents stand."

I part with this kind-hearted gentleman, to whose industry and ability the Overland line owes much of its success, with sincere regret; and I hope he will soon get rich enough to transplant his charming wife from the Desert to the "White Settlements".

Forward to Fort Bridger in an open sleigh. Night clear, cold, and moonlit. Driver, Mr. Samuel Smart. Through Echo Cañon to Hanging Rock Station. The snow is very deep, there is no path, and we literally shovel our way to Robert Pollock's station, which we achieve in the Course of Time. Mr. P. gets up and kindles a fire, and a snowy nightcap and a pair of very bright black eyes beam upon us from the bed. That is Mrs. Robert Pollock. The long cabin is a comfortable one. I make coffee in my French coffee-pot, and let loose some of the roast chickens in my basket. (Tired of fried bacon and saleratus bread, the principal bill of fare at the stations, we had supplied ourselves with chicken, boiled hams, onions, sausages, sea-bread, canned butter, cheese, honey, etc., etc., an example all Overland traders would do well to follow.) Mrs. Pollock tells me where I can find cream for the coffee, and cups and saucers for the same, and appears so kind, that I regret our stay is so limited that we can't see more of her.

On to Yellow Creek Station. Then Needle Rock—a desolate hut on the Desert, house and barn in one building. The station-keeper is a miserable, toothless wretch, with shaggy yellow hair, but says he's going to get married. I think I see him.
To Bear River. A pleasant Mormon named Myers keeps this station, and he gives us a first-rate breakfast. Robert Curtis takes the reins from Mr. Smart here, and we get on to wheels again. Begin to see groups of trees—a new sight to us.

Pass Quaking Asp Springs and Muddy to Fort Bridger. Here are a group of white buildings, built round a plaza, across the middle of which runs a creek. There are a few hundred troops here under the command of Major Gallagher, a gallant officer and a gentleman well worth knowing. We stay here two days.

We are on the road again, Sunday the 14th, with a driver of the highly floral name of Primrose. At seven the next morning we reach Green River Station, and enter Idaho territory. This is the Bitter Creek division of the Overland route, of which we had heard so many unfavourable stories. The division is really well managed by Mr. Stewart, though the country through which it stretches is the most wretched I ever saw. The water is liquid alkali, and the roads are soft sand. The snow is gone now, and the dust is thick and blinding. So drearily, wearily, we drag onward.

We reach the summit of the Rocky Mountains at midnight on the 17th. The climate changes suddenly, and the cold is intense. We resume runners, have a break-down, and are forced to walk four miles.

I remember that one of the numerous reasons urged in favour of General Fremont’s election to the Presidency in 1856 was his finding the path across the Rocky Mountains. Credit is certainly due to that gallant explorer in this respect; but it occurred to me, as I wrung my frost-bitten hands on that dreadful night, that for me deliberately to go over that path in mid-winter was a sufficient reason for my election to any lunatic asylum, by an overwhelming vote. Dr. Hingston made a similar remark, and wondered if he should ever clink glasses with his friend Lord Palmerston again.

We strike the North Platte on the 18th. The fare at the stations is daily improving, and we often have antelope steaks now. They tell us of eggs not far off, and we encourage (by a process not wholly unconnected with bottles) the drivers to keep their mules in motion.

Antelope by the thousand can be seen racing the plains from the coach-windows.
At Elk Mountain we encounter a religious driver named Edward Witney, who never swears at the mules. This has made him distinguished all over the plains. This pious driver tried to convert the doctor, but I am mortified to say that his efforts were not crowned with success. Fort Halleck is a mile from Elk, and here are some troops of the Ohio 11th regiment, under the command of Major Thomas L. Mackey.

On the 20th we reach Rocky Thomas's justly celebrated station at five in the morning, and have a breakfast of hashed black-tailed deer, antelope steaks, ham, boiled bear, honey, eggs, coffee, tea, and cream. That was the squarest meal on the road, except at Weber. Mr. Thomas is a Baltimore "slosher", he informed me. I don't know what that is, but he is a good fellow, and gave us a breakfast fit for a lord, emperor, czar, count, etc. A better couldn't be found at Delmonico's or Parker's. He pressed me to linger with him a few days and shoot bears. It was with several pangs that I declined the generous Baltimorean's invitation.

To Virginia Dale. Weather clear and bright. Virginia Dale is a pretty spot, as it ought to be with such a pretty name; but I treated with no little scorn the advice of a hunter I met there, who told me to give up "literatoor", form a matrimonial alliance with some squaws, and "settle down thar".

Bannock on the brain! That is what is the matter now. Wagon-load after wagon-load of emigrants, bound to the new Idaho gold regions, meet us very hour. Canvas-covered, and drawn for the most part by fine large mules, they make a pleasant panorama, as they stretch slowly over the plains and uplands. We strike the South Platte on Sunday the 21st, and breakfast at Latham, a station of one-horse proportions. We are now in Colorado ("Pike's Peak"), and we diverge from the main route here and visit the flourishing and beautiful city of Denver. Messrs. Langrish and Dougherty, who have so long and so admirably catered to the amusement-lovers of the Far West, kindly withdraw their dramatic corps for a night and allow me to use their pretty little theatre.

We go to the mountains from Denver, visiting the celebrated gold-mining towns Black Hawk and Central City. I leave this queen of all the territories, quite firmly believing that its future is to be no less brilliant than its past has been.

I had almost forgotten to mention that on the way from Latham to Denver, Dr. Hingston and Dr. Seaton (late a
highly admired physician and surgeon in Kentucky, and now a prosperous gold-miner) had a learned discussion as to the formation of the membranes of the human stomach, in which they used words that were over a foot long by actual measurement. I never heard such splendid words in my life; but such was their grandiloquent profundity, and their far-reaching lucidity, that I understood rather less about it when they had finished than I did when they commenced.

Back to Latham again over a marshy road, and on to Nebraska by the main stage-line.

I met Colonel Chivington, commander of the district of Colorado, at Latham.

Colonel Chivington is a Methodist clergyman, and was once a Presiding Elder. A thoroughly earnest man, an eloquent preacher, a sincere believer in the war, he of course brings to his new position a great deal of enthusiasm. This, with his natural military tact, makes him an officer of rare ability; and on more occasions than one he has led his troops against the enemy with resistless skill and gallantry. I take the liberty of calling the President's attention to the fact that this brave man ought to have long ago been a Brigadier-general.

There is, however, a little story about Colonel Chivington that I must tell. It involves the use of a little blank profanity, but the story would be spoilt without it; and as in this case "nothing was meant by it", no great harm can be done. I rarely stain my pages with even mild profanity. It is wicked in the first place, and not funny in the second. I ask the boon of being occasionally stupid, but I could never see the fun of being impious.

Colonel Chivington vanquished the rebels, with his brave Colorado troops, in New Mexico last year, as most people know. At the commencement of the action, which was hotly contested, a shell from the enemy exploded near him, tearing up the ground, and causing Captain Rogers to swear in an awful manner.

"Captain Rogers," said the Colonel, "gentlemen do not swear on a solemn occasion like this. We may fall, but, falling in a glorious cause, let us die as Christians, not as rowdies, with oaths upon our lips. Captain Rogers, let us——"

Another shell, a sprightlier one than its predecessor, tears the earth fearfully in the immediate vicinity of Colonel
Chivington, filling his eyes with dirt, and knocking off his hat.

"Why, d—their souls to h—," he roared, "they've put my eyes out—as Captain Rogers would say!"

But the Colonel's eyes were not seriously damaged, and he went in. Went in, only to come out victorious.

We reach Julesberg, Colorado, the 1st of March. We are in the country of the Sioux Indians now, and encounter them by the hundred. A Chief offers to sell me his daughter (a fair young Indian maiden) for six dollars and two quarts of whisky. I decline to trade.

Meals which have hitherto been $1.00 each are now 75 cents. Eggs appear on the table occasionally, and we hear of chickens farther on. Nine miles from here we enter Nebraska territory. Here is occasionally a fenced farm, and the ranches have bar-rooms. Buffalo skins and buffalo tongues are for sale at most of the stations. We reach South Platte on the 2nd, and Fort Kearney on the 3rd. The 7th Iowa Cavalry are here, under the command of Major Wood. At Cottonwood, a day's ride back, we had taken aboard Major O'Brien, commanding the troops there, and a very jovial warrior he is, too.

Meals are now down to 50 cents, and a great deal better than when they were $1.00.

Kansas, one hundred and five miles from Atchison. Atchison! No traveller by sea ever longed to set his foot on shore as we longed to reach the end of our dreary coach-ride over the wildest part of the whole continent. How we talked Atchison, and dreamed Atchison for the next fifty hours! Atchison, I shall always love you. You were evidently mistaken, Atchison, when you told me that in case I "lectured" there, immense crowds would throng to the hall: but you are very dear to me. Let me kiss you for your maternal parent!

We are passing through the reservation of the Otoe Indians, who long ago washed the war-paint from their faces, buried the tomahawk, and settled down into quiet, prosperous farmers.

We rattle leisurely into Atchison on a Sunday evening. Lights gleam in the windows of milk-white churches, and
they tell us, far better than anything else could, that we are back to civilization again.

An overland journey in winter is a better thing to have done than to do. In the spring, however, when the grass is green on the great prairies, I fancy one might make the journey a pleasant one, with his own outfit and a few choice friends.

**VERY MUCH MARRIED**

Are the Mormon women happy?
I give it up. I don’t know.

It is at Great Salt Lake City as it is in Boston. If I go out to tea at the Wilkinses’ in Boston, I am pretty sure to find Mr. Wilkins all smiles and sunshine, or Mrs. Wilkins all gentleness and politeness. I am entertained delightfully, and after tea little Miss Wilkins shows me her photograph album and plays the march from Faust on the piano for me. I go away highly pleased with my visit; and yet the Wilkinses may fight like cats and dogs in private. I may no sooner have struck the sidewalk than Mr. W. will be reaching for Mrs. W.’s throat.

Thus it is in the City of the Saints. Apparently the Mormon women are happy. I saw them at their best, of course—at balls, tea-parties, and the like. They were like other women as far as my observation extended. They were hooped, and furbelowed, and shod, and white-collared, and bejewelled; and, like women all over the world, they were softer-eyed and kinder-hearted than men can ever hope to be.

The Mormon girl is reared to believe that the plurality-wife system (as it is delicately called here) is strictly right; and in linking her destiny with a man who has twelve wives, she undoubtedly considers she is doing her duty. She loves the man, probably, for I think it is not true, as so many writers have stated, that girls are forced to marry whomsoever “the Church” may dictate. Some parents no doubt advise, connive, threaten, and in aggravated cases incarcerate here, as some parents have always done elsewhere, and always will do as long as petticoats continue to be an institution.

How these dozen or twenty wives get along without heartburnings and hair-pullings, I can’t see.
There are instances on record, you know, where a man don’t live in a state of uninterrupted bliss with one wife. And to say that a man can possess twenty wives without having his special favourite, or favourites, is to say that he is an angel in boots—which is something I have never been introduced to. You never saw an angel with a beard, although you may have seen the bearded woman.

The Mormon woman is early taught that man, being created in the image of the Saviour, is far more godly than she can ever be, and that for her to seek to monopolize his affections is a species of rank sin. So she shares his affections with five or six or twenty other women, as the case may be.

A man must be amply able to support a number of wives before he can take them. Hence, perhaps, it is that so many old chaps in Utah have young and blooming wives in their seraglios, and so many young men have only one.

I had a man pointed out to me who married an entire family. He had originally intended to marry Jane, but Jane did not want to leave her widowed mother. The other three sisters were not in the matrimonial market for the same reason; so this gallant man married the whole crowd, including the girls’ grandmother, who had lost all her teeth, and had to be fed with a spoon. The family were in indigent circumstances, and they could not but congratulate themselves on securing a wealthy husband. It seemed to affect the grandmother deeply, for the first words she said on reaching her new home were: “Now, thank God, I shall have my gruel reg’lar!”

The name of Joseph Smith is worshipped in Utah; and “they say” that although he has been dead a good many years, he still keeps on marrying women by proxy. He “reveals” who shall act as his earthly agent in this matter, and the agent faithfully executes the defunct Prophet’s commands.

A few years ago I read about a couple being married by telegraph—the young man was in Cincinnati, and the young woman was in New Hampshire. They did not see each other for a year afterwards. I don’t see what fun there is in this sort of thing.

I have somewhere stated that Brigham Young is said to have eighty wives. I hardly think he has so many. Mr. Hyde, the backslider, says in his book that “Brigham always sleeps by himself, in a little chamber behind his office”; and if he
has eighty wives I don’t blame him. He must be bewildered. I know very well that if I had eighty wives of my bosom I should be confused, and shouldn’t sleep anywhere. I undertook to count the long stockings, on the clothes-line, in his back-yard one day, and I used up the multiplication table in less than half an hour.
COOLEY'S BOY AND DOG

MAX ADELER
Under the pen-name of Max Adler, George Heber Clark, an American journalist born in 1841, wrote many delightful humorous stories. His most famous book was *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, which brought him world-wide fame. Though in literature the most irresponsible of jokers, he was also a serious politician.
WHILE we were sitting by the river discussing these and other matters, Cooley's boy, a thoroughly disagreeable urchin, who had been playing with some other boys upon the wharf nearby, tumbled into the water. There was a terrible screaming among his companions, and a crowd quickly gathered upon the pier. For a few moments it seemed as if the boy would drown, for no one was disposed to leap in after him, and there was not a boat within saving distance. But fortunately the current swept him around to the front of the Battery, where the water is shallow, and before he was seriously hurt he was safely landed in the mud that stretches below the low-water mark. Then the excitement, which had been so great as to attract about half the population of the village, died away, and people who had just been filled with horror at the prospect of a tragedy, began to feel a sense of disappointment because their fears had not been realized. I cannot of course say that I was sorry to see the youngster once more upon dry land, but if fate had robbed us of him, we should have accepted the dispensation without grievous complaint.

We did not leave all the nuisances behind us in the city. Cooley's dog and his boy are two very sore afflictions which make life even here very much sadder than it ought to be in a place that pretends to be something in the nature of an earthly paradise. The boy not only preys upon my melon-patch and fruit-trees and upon those of my neighbours, but he has an extraordinary aptitude for creating a disturbance in whatever spot he happens to be. Only last Sunday he caused such a terrible commotion in church that the service had to be suspended for several minutes until he could be removed. The interior of the edifice was painted and varnished recently, and I suppose one of the workmen must have left a clot of varnish upon the back of Cooley's pew, which is directly across the aisle from mine. Cooley's boy was the only representative of
the family at church upon that day, and he amused himself during the earlier portions of the service by kneeling upon the seat and communing with Dr. Jones's boy, who occupied the pew immediately in the rear. Sometimes, when young Cooley would resume a proper position, Jones's boy would stir him up afresh by slyly pulling his hair, whereupon Cooley would wheel about and menace Jones with his fist in a manner which betrayed utter indifference to the proprieties of the place and the occasion, as well as to the presence of the congregation. When Cooley finally sank into a condition of repose, he placed his head, most unfortunately, directly against the lump of undried varnish, while he amused himself by reading the commandments and the other scriptural texts upon the wall behind the pulpit.

In a few moments he attempted to move, but the varnish had mingled with his hair, and it held him securely. After making one or two desperate, but ineffectual efforts to release himself, he became very angry; and supposing that Jones's boy was holding him, he shouted:

"Leg go o' my hair! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you!"

The clergyman paused just as he was entering upon consideration of "secondly", and the congregation looked around in amazement, in time to perceive young Cooley, with his head against the back of the pew, aiming dreadful blows over his shoulder with his fist at some unseen person behind him. And with every thrust he exclaimed:

"I'll smash yer nose after church! I'll go for you, Bill Jones, when I ketch you alone! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you, or I'll knock the stuffin' out o' yer," &c. &c.

Meanwhile, Jones's boy sat up at the very end of his pew, far away from Cooley, and looked as solemn as if the sermon had made a deep impression upon him. Then the sexton came running up, with the idea that the boy had fallen asleep and had nightmare, while Mrs. Dr. Magruder sallied out from her pew and over to Cooley's, convinced that he had a fit. When the cause of the disturbance was ascertained, the sexton took out his knife, and after sawing off enough of Cooley's hair to release him, dragged him out of church. The victim retreated unwillingly, glancing around at Jones's boy, and shaking his fist at that urchin as if to indicate that he cherished a deadly purpose against Jones.

Then the sermon proceeded. I suppose a contest between
the two boys has been averted, for only yesterday I saw Jones
and Cooley, the younger, playing hop-scotch together in the
street in apparent forgetfulness of the sorrows of the sanctuary.

Judge Pitman tells me that one of the reasons why Cooley
and his wife disagree is that there is such a difference in their
height. Cooley is tall, and Mrs. Cooley is small. Mrs. Cooley
told Mrs. Pitman, if the judge is to be believed, that Cooley con-
tinually growled because she could not keep step with him.
They always start wrong, somehow, when they go out together,
and then, while he tries to catch step with her, she endeavours
to get in with him. After both have been shuffling about over
the pavement for several minutes in a perfectly absurd manner,
they go ahead out of step just as before.

When Cooley tried to take short steps like hers, his gait was
so ridiculous as to excite remark; while, if she tried to make
such long strides as his, people stopped and looked at her as
if they thought she was insane. Then she would strive to
take two steps to his one, but she found that two and a half of
hers were equal to one of his; and when she undertook to make
that fractional number in order to keep up with him, he would
frown at her and say:

"Mrs. Cooley, if you are going to dance the polka mazourka
upon the public highway, I'm going home."

I do not receive this statement with implicit confidence
in its truthfulness. Pitman's imagination sometimes glows
with unnatural heat, and he may have embellished the original
narrative of Mrs. Cooley.

I shall probably never receive from any member of the
Cooley family a correct account of the causes of the unpleasant
differences existing therein, for we are on worse terms than
ever with Cooley. His dog became such an intolerable nuis-
sance because of his nocturnal vociferation that some practical
humanitarian in the neighbourhood poisoned him. Cooley
apparently cherished the conviction that I had killed the
animal, and he flung the carcase over the fence into my yard.
I threw it back. Cooley returned it. Both of us remained at
home that day, and spent the morning handing the inanimate
brute to each other across the fence. At noon I called my
man to take my place, and Cooley hired a coloured person to
relieve him. They kept it up until nightfall, by which time I
suppose the corpse must have worn away to a great extent, for
at sundown my man buried the tail by my rose-bush and came
into the house, while Cooley’s representative resigned and went home.

The departed brute left behind him but one pleasant recollection; and when I recall it, I feel that he fully avenged my wrongs upon his master. Cooley went out a week or two ago to swim in the creek, and he took the dog with him to watch his clothing. While Cooley bathed the dog slept, but when Cooley emerged from the water the dog did not recognize him in his

Whenever Cooley would attempt to seize a boot, or a stocking, or a shirt, the dog flew at him with such ferocity that he dared not attempt to dress himself. So he stood in the sun until he was almost broiled; then he went into the water and remained there, dodging up and down for the purpose of avoiding the people who passed occasionally along the road. At last the dog went to sleep again, and Cooley, creeping softly behind the brute, caught it suddenly by the tail and flung it across the stream. Before the dog could recover its senses and swim back, Cooley succeeded in getting some of his clothing on him, and then the dog came sidling up to him, looking as if it expected to be rewarded for its extraordinary vigilance. The manner in which Cooley kicked the faithful animal is said to have been simply dreadful.

I should have entertained a positive affection for that dog if it had not barked at night. But I glad it is gone. We came here to have quietness, and that was unattainable while Cooley’s dog remained within view of the moon.
THE WIDOW'S CRUISE

FRANK R. STOCKTON
FRANK R. STOCKTON was one of the most popular American humorous writers in the closing years of the last century, and there is a pleasant mingling of fancy and sentiment in many of his tales. Beside Rudder Grange, his most successful work was The Lady and the Tiger.
THE WIDOW'S CRUISE

THE widow Ducket lived in a small village about ten miles from the New Jersey sea coast. In this village she was born, here she had married and buried her husband, and here she expected somebody to bury her, but she was in no hurry for that, for she had scarcely reached middle age. She was a tall woman with no apparent fat in her composition, and full of activity, both muscular and mental.

She rose at six o'clock in the morning, cooked breakfast, set the table, washed the dishes when the meal was over, milked, churned, swept, washed, ironed, worked in her little garden, attended to the flowers in the front yard, and in the afternoon knitted and quilted and sewed, and after tea she either went to see her neighbours or had them come to see her. When it was really dark she lighted the lamp in her parlour and read for an hour, and if it happened to be one of Miss Mary Wilkins' books that she read she expressed doubts as to the realism of the characters therein described.

These doubts she expressed to Dorcas Networthy, who was a small, plump woman, with a solemn face, who had lived with the widow for many years and who had become her devoted disciple. Whatever the widow did that also did Dorcas; not so well, for her heart told her she could never expect to do that, but with a yearning anxiety to do everything as well as she could. She rose at five minutes past six, and in a subsidiary way she helped to get the breakfast, to eat it, to wash up the dishes, to work in the garden, to quilt, to sew, to visit and receive, and no one could have tried harder than she did to keep awake when the widow read aloud in the evening.

All these things happened every day in the summer time, but in the winter the widow and Dorcas cleared the snow from their little front path instead of attending to the flowers, and in the evening they lighted a fire as well as a lamp in the parlour.
Sometimes, however, something different happened, but this was not often, only a few times in the year. One of the different things occurred when Mrs. Ducket and Dorcas were sitting on their little front porch one summer afternoon, one on the little bench on one side of the door and the other on the little bench on the other side of the door, each waiting, until she should hear the clock strike five, to prepare tea. But it was not yet a quarter to five when a one-horse wagon containing four men came slowly down the street. Dorcas first saw the wagon, and she instantly stopped knitting.

"Mercy on me!" she exclaimed. "Whoever those people are they are strangers here and they don't know where to stop, for they first go to one side of the street and then to the other."

The widow looked round sharply. "Humph!" said she. "Those men are sailor-men. You might see that in a twinkling of an eye. Sailor-men always drive that way because that is the way they sail ships. They first tack in one direction and then in another."

"Mr. Ducket didn't like the sea?" remarked Dorcas for about the three hundredth time.

"No, he didn't," answered the widow for about the two hundred and fiftieth time, for there had been occasions when she thought Dorcas put this question inopportune. "He hated it, and he was drowned in it through trusting a sailor-man, which I never did nor shall. Do you really believe those men are coming here?"

"Upon my word I do!" said Dorcas, and her opinion was correct.

The wagon drew up in front of Mrs. Ducket's little white house, and the two women sat rigidly, their hands in their laps, staring at the man who drove.

This was an elderly personage with whitish hair, and under his chin a thin whitish beard, which waved in the gentle breeze and gave Dorcas the idea that his head was filled with hair which was leaking out from below.

"Is this the widow Ducket's?" inquired this elderly man, in a strong, penetrating voice.

"That's my name," said the widow, and laying her knitting on the bench beside her she went to the gate. Dorcas also laid her knitting on the bench beside her and went to the gate.

"I was told," said the elderly man, "at a house we touched
at about a quarter of a mile back, that the widow Ducket's was the only house in this village where there was any chance of me and my mates getting a meal. We are four sailors and we are making from the bay over to Cuppertown, and that's eight miles ahead yet and we are all pretty sharp set for something to eat."

"This is the place," said the widow, "and I do give meals if there is enough in the house and everything comes handy."

"Does everything come handy today?" said he.

"It does," said she, "and you can hitch your horse and come in, but I haven't got anything for him."

"Oh, that's all right," said the man, "we brought along stores for him, so we'll just make fast and then come in."

The two women hurried into the house in a state of bustling preparation, for the furnishing of this meal meant one dollar in cash.

The four mariners, all elderly men, descended from the wagon, each one scrambling with alacrity over a different wheel.

A box of broken ship-biscuit was brought out and put on the ground in front of the horse, who immediately set himself to eating with great satisfaction.

Tea was a little late that day, because there were six persons to provide for instead of two, but it was a good meal, and after the four seamen had washed their hands and faces at the pump in the back yard and had wiped them on two towels furnished by Dorcas, they all came in and sat down. Mrs. Ducket seated herself at the head of the table with the dignity proper to the mistress of the house, and Dorcas seated herself at the other end with the dignity proper to the disciple of the mistress. No service was necessary, for everything that was to be eaten or drunk was on the table.

When each of the elderly mariners had had as much bread-and-butter, quickly baked soda-biscuit, dried beef, cold ham, cold tongue and preserved fruit of every variety known, as his storage capacity would permit, the mariner in command, Captain Bird, pushed back his chair, whereupon the other mariners pushed back their chairs.

"Madam," said Captain Bird, "we have all made a good meal, which didn't need to be no better nor more of it, and we're satisfied, but that horse out there has not had time to rest himself enough to go the eight miles that lies ahead of
us, so if it's all the same to you and this good lady, we'd like to sit on that front porch awhile and smoke our pipes. I was a-looking at that porch when I came in, and I bethought to myself what a rare good place it was to smoke a pipe in."

"There's pipes been smoked there," said the widow, rising, "and it can be done again. Inside the house I don't allow tobacco, but on the porch neither of us minds."

So the four captains betook themselves to the porch, two of them seating themselves on the little bench on one side of the door and two of them on the little bench on the other side of the door, and lighted their pipes.

"Shall we clear off the table and wash up the dishes," said Dorcas, "or wait until they are gone?"

"We will wait until they are gone," said the widow, "for now that they are here we might as well have a bit of a chat with them. When a sailor-man lights his pipe he is generally willing to talk, but when he is eatin' you can't get a word out of him."

Without thinking it necessary to ask permission, for the house belonged to her, the widow Ducket brought a chair and put it in the hall close to the open front door, and Dorcas brought another chair and seated herself by the side of the widow.

"Do all you sailor-men belong down there at the bay?" asked Mrs. Ducket, and thus the conversation began, and in a few minutes it had reached a point at which Captain Bird thought it proper to say that a great many strange things happen to seamen sailing on the sea which lands-people never dream of.

"Such as anything in particular?" asked the widow, at which remark Dorcas clasped her hands in expectancy.

At this question each of the mariners took his pipe from his mouth and gazed upon the floor in thought.

"There's a good many strange things happened to me and my mates at sea. Would you and that other lady like to hear any of them?" asked Captain Bird.

"We would like to hear them if they are true," said the widow.

"There's nothing happened to me and my mates that isn't true," said Captain Bird, "and here is something that once happened to me:

"I was on a whaling v'yage when a big sperm whale, just
as mad as a fiery bull, came at us, head on, and struck the ship at the stern with such tremendous force that his head crashed right through her timbers and he went nearly half his length into her hull. The hold was mostly filled with empty barrels, for we was just beginning our voyage, and when he had made kindling wood of these, there was room enough for him. We all expected that it wouldn’t take five minutes for the vessel to fill and go to the bottom, and we made ready to take to the boats, but it turned out we didn’t need to take to no boats, for as fast as the water rushed into the hold of the ship that whale drank it and squirted it up through the two blow-holes in the top of his head, and as there was an open hatchway just over his head the water all went into the sea again, and that whale kept working day and night pumping the water out until we beached the vessel on the island of Trinidad—the whale helping us wonderful on our way over by the powerful working of his tail, which, being outside in the water, acted like a propeller. I don’t believe anything stranger than that ever happened to a whaling ship.”

“No,” said the widow, “I don’t believe anything ever did.”

Captain Bird now looked at Captain Sanderson, and the latter took his pipe out of his mouth and said that in all his sailing around the world he had never known anything queerer than what happened to a big steamship he chanced to be on, which ran into an island in a fog. Everybody on board thought the ship was wrecked, but it had twin screws and was going at such a tremendous speed that it turned the island entirely upside down and sailed over it, and he had heard tell that even now people sailing over the spot could look down into the water and see the roots of the trees and the cellars of the houses.

Captain Sanderson now put his pipe back into his mouth, and Captain Burress took out his pipe.

“I was once in an obelisk ship,” said he, “that used to trade regular between Egypt and New York carrying obelisks. We had a big obelisk on board. The way they ship obelisks is to make a hole in the stern of the ship and run the obelisk in, pinted end foremost, and this obelisk filled up nearly the whole of that ship from stern to bow. We was about ten days out and sailing afore a north-east gale with the engines at full speed when suddenly we spied breakers ahead, and our
Captain saw we was about to run on a bank. Now if we hadn't had an obelisk on board we might have sailed over that bank, but the Captain knew that with an obelisk on board we drew too much water for that, and that we'd be wrecked in about fifty-five seconds if something wasn't done quick. So he had to do something quick, and this is what he did: He ordered all steam on and drove slam-bang on that bank.

"Just as he expected we stopped so suddint that that big obelisk bounced for'ard, its p'inted end foremost, and went clean through the bow and shot out into the sea. The minute it did that the vessel was so lightened that it rose in the water and we easily steamed over the bank. There was one man knocked overboard by the shock when we struck, but as soon as we missed him we went back after him and we got him all right. You see when that obelisk went overboard its butt end, which was heaviest, went down first, and when it touched the bottom it just stood there, and as it was such a big obelisk there was about five and a half feet of it stuck out of the water. The man who was knocked overboard he just swum for that obelisk and he climbed up the hiryglyphics. It was a mighty fine obelisk and the Egyptians had cut their hiryglyphics good and deep so that the man could get hand and foot hold. And when we got to him and took him off he was sitting high and dry on the p'inted end of the obelisk. It was a great pity about the obelisk, for it was a good obelisk, but as I never heard the company tried to raise it I expect it is standing there yet."

Captain Burress now put his pipe back into his mouth and looked at Captain Jenkinson, who removed his pipe and said:

"The queerest thing that ever happened to me was about a shark. We was off the Banks and the time of year was July, and the ice was coming down and we got in among a lot of it. Not far away, off our weather bow, there was a little iceberg which had such a queerness about it that the Captain and three men went in a boat to look at it. The ice was mighty clear ice and you could see almost through it, and right inside of it, not more than three feet above the water-line, and about two feet, or maybe twenty inches, inside the ice, was a whopping big shark, about fourteen feet long—a regular man-eater—frozen in there hard and fast. 'Bless my soul,' said the Captain, 'this is a wonderful curiosity and I'm going to git him out.'

"Just then one of the men said he saw that shark wink, but
the Captain wouldn't believe him, for he said that shark was frozen stiff and hard and couldn't wink. You see the Captain had his own ideas about things, and he knew that whales was warm-blooded and would freeze if they was shut up in ice, but he forgot that sharks was not whales and that they're cold-blooded just like toads. And there is toads that has been shut up in rocks for thousands of years, and they stayed alive, no matter how cold the place was, because they was cold-blooded, and when the rocks was split out hopped the frog. But as I said before, the Captain forgot sharks was cold-blooded and he determined to git that one out.

"Now you both know, being housekeepers, that if you take a needle and drive it into a hunk of ice you can split it. The Captain had a sail-needle with him and so he drove it into the iceberg right alongside of the shark and split it. Now the minute he did it he knew that the man was right when he said he saw the shark wink, for it flopped out of that iceberg quicker nor a flash of lightning."

"What a happy fish he must have been!" ejaculated Dorcas, forgetful of precedent, so great was her emotion.

"Yes," said Captain Jenkinson, "it was a happy fish enough, but it wasn't a happy Captain. You see that shark hadn't had anything to eat, perhaps for a thousand years, until the Captain came along with his sail-needle."

"Surely you sailor-men do see strange things," now said the widow, "and the strangest thing about them is that they are true."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorcas, "that is the most wonderful thing."

"You wouldn't suppose," said the widow Bucket, glancing from one bench of mariners to the other, "that I have a sea-story to tell, but I have, and if you like I will tell it to you."

Captain Bird looked up a little surprised. "We would like to hear it, indeed we would, madam," said he.

"Ay, ay!" said Captain Burress, and the two other mariners nodded.

"It was a good while ago," she said, "when I was living on the shore near the head of the bay, that my husband was away and I was left alone in the house. One mornin' my sister-in-law, who lived on the other side of the bay, sent me word by a boy on a horse that she hadn't any oil in the house to fill the lamp that she always put in the window to light her
husband home, who was a fisherman, and if I would send her
some by the boy she would pay me back as soon as they
bought oil.

"The boy said he would stop on his way home and take
the oil to her, but he never did stop, or perhaps he never went
back, and about five o’clock I began to get dreadfully worried,
for I knew if that lamp wasn’t in my sister-in-law’s window
by dark she might be a widow before midnight. So I said to
myself, ‘I’ve got to get that oil to her, no matter what happens
or how it’s done.’ Of course I couldn’t tell what might
happen, but there was only one way it could be done, and
that was for me to get into the boat that was tied to the post
down by the water and take it to her, for it was too far for me
to walk around by the head of the bay. Now the trouble was
I didn’t know no more about a boat and the managin’ of it
than any one of you sailor-men knows about clear starchin’.
But there wasn’t no use of thinkin’ what I knew and what I
didn’t know, for I had to take it to her and there was no way of
doin’ it except in that boat. So I filled a gallon can, for I
thought I might as well take enough while I was about it,
and I went down to the water and I unhitched that boat and I
put the oil-can into her and then I got in, and off I started, and
when I was about a quarter of a mile from the shore——"

"Madam," interrupted Captain Bird, "did you row or—or
was there a sail to the boat?"

The widow looked at the questioner for a moment.
"No," said she, "I didn’t row. I forgot to bring the oars
from the house, but it didn’t matter for I didn’t know how to
use them, and if there had been a sail I couldn’t have put it up,
for I didn’t know how to use it either. I used the rudder to
make the boat go. The rudder was the only thing that I
knew anything about. I’d held a rudder when I was a little
girl and I knew how to work it. So I just took hold of the
handle of the rudder and turned it round and round, and that
made the boat go ahead, you know, and——"

"Madam!" exclaimed Captain Bird, and the other elderly
mariners took their pipes from their mouths.

"Yes, that is the way I did it," continued the widow
briskly; "big steamships are made to go by a propeller turning
round and round at their back ends, and I made the rudder
work in the same way, and I got along very well, too, until
suddenly, when I was about a quarter of a mile from the shore,
a most terrible and awful storm arose. There must have been a typhoon or a cyclone out at sea, for the waves came up the bay bigger than houses, and when they got to the head of the bay they turned around and tried to get out to sea again; so in this way they continually met, and made the most awful and roarin’ pilin’ up of waves that ever was known.

"My little boat was pitched about as if it had been a feather in a breeze, and when the front part of it was cleavin’ itself down into the water the hind part was stickin’ up until the rudder whizzed around like a patent churn with no milk in it. The thunder began to roar and the lightnin’ flashed, and three sea-gulls, so nearly frightened to death that they began to turn up the whites of their eyes, flew down and sat on one of the seats of the boat, forgettin’ in that awful moment that man was their nat’ral enemy. I had a couple of biscuits in my pocket, because I had thought I might want a bite in crossing, and I crumbled up one of these and fed the poor creatures. Then I began to wonder what I was goin’ to do, for things were gettin’ awfuller and awfuller every instant, and the little boat was a-heavin’ and a-pitchin’ and a-rollin’ and h’stin’ itself up, first on one end and then on the other, to such an extent that if I hadn’t kept tight hold of the rudder handle I’d slipped off the seat I was sittin’ on.

"All of a sudden I remembered that oil in the can, but just as I was puttin’ my fingers on the cork my conscience smote me. ‘Am I goin’ to use this oil,’ I said to myself, ‘and let my sister-in-law’s husband be wrecked for want of it?’ And then I thought that he wouldn’t want it all that night and perhaps they would buy oil the next day, and so I poured out about a tumblin’ full of it on the water, and I can just tell you sailor-men that you never saw anything act as prompt as that did. In three seconds, or perhaps five, the water all around me, for the distance of a small front yard, was just as flat as a table and as smooth as glass, and so invitin’ in appearance that the three gulls jumped out of the boat and began to swim about on it, primin’ their feathers and looking at themselves in the transparent depths, though I must say that one of them made an awful face as he dipped his bill into the water and tasted kerosene.

"Now I had time to sit quiet in the midst of the placid space I had made for myself and rest from working of the rudder. Truly it was a wonderful and marvellous thing to
look at. The waves was roarin' and leapin' up all around me higher than the roof of this house, and sometimes their tops would reach over so that they nearly met and shut out all view of the stormy sky, which seemed as if it was bein' torn to pieces by blazin' lightnin', while the thunder pealed so tremendous that it almost drowned the roar of the waves. Not only above and all around me was everything terrific and fearful, but even under me it was the same, for there was a big crack in the bottom of the boat as wide as my hand, and through this I could see down into the water beneath, and there was——"

"Madam!" ejaculated Captain Bird, the hand which had been holding his pipe a few inches from his mouth now dropping to his knee, and at this motion the hands which held the pipes of the three other mariners dropped to their knees.

"Of course it sounds strange," continued the widow, "but I know that people can see down into clear water, and the water under me was clear, and the crack was wide enough for me to see through, and down under me was sharks and sword-fishes and other horrible water creatures, which I had never seen before, all driven into the bay, I haven't a doubt, by the violence of the storm out at sea. The thought of my bein' upset and fallin' in among those monsters made my very blood run cold, and involuntary-like I began to turn the handle of the rudder, and in a moment I shot into a wall of ragin' sea-water that was towerin' around me.

"For a second I was fairly blinded and stunned, but I had the cork out of that oil-can in no time, and very soon, you'd scarcely believe it if I told you how soon, I had another placid mill-pond surroundin' of me. I sat there a-pantin' and fannin' with my straw hat, for you'd better believe I was flustered, and then I began to think how long it would take me to make a line of mill-ponds clean across the head of the bay and how much oil it would need and whether I had enough. So I sat and calculated that if a tumblerful of oil would make a smooth place about seven yards across, which I should say was the width of the one I was in, which I calculated by a measure of my eye as to how many breadths of carpet it would take to cover it, and if the bay was two miles across, betwixt our house and my sister-in-law's, and although I couldn't get the thing down to exact figures, I saw pretty soon that I wouldn't have oil enough to make a level cuttin' through all those
THE WIDOW'S CRUISE

mountainous billows, and besides, even if I had enough to take me across, what would be the good of going if there wasn't any oil left to fill my sister-in-law's lamp?

"While I was thinkin' and calculatin' a perfectly dreadful thing happened, which made me think if I didn't get out of this pretty soon I'd find myself in a mighty risky predicament. The oil-can, which I had forgotten to put the cork in, toppled over, and before I could grab it every drop of the oil ran into the hind part of the boat, where it was soaked up by a lot of dry dust that was there. No wonder my heart sank when I saw this. Glancin' wildly around me, as people will do when they are scared, I saw the smooth place I was in gettin' smaller and smaller, for the kerosene was evaporatin', as it will do even off woollen clothes if you give it time enough. The first pond I had come out of seemed to be covered up, and the great towerin', throbbin' precipice of sea-water was a-closin' around me.

"Castin' down my eyes in despair I happened to look through the crack in the bottom of the boat, and oh! what a blessed relief it was, for down there everything was smooth and still, and I could see the sand on the bottom as level and hard, no doubt, as it was on the beach. Suddenly the thought struck me that that bottom would give me the only chance I had of gettin' out of the frightful fix I was in. If I could fill that oil-can with air and then puttin' it under my arm and takin' a long breath, if I could drop down on that smooth bottom, I might run along toward shore, as far as I could, and then, when I felt my breath was givin' out, I could take a pull at the oil-can and take another run, and then take another pull and another run, and perhaps the can would hold air enough for me until I got near enough to shore to wade to dry land. To be sure the sharks and other monsters were down there, but then they must have been awfully frightened and perhaps they might not remember that man was their nat'ral enemy. Anyway, I thought it would be better to try the smooth water passage down there than stay and be swallowed up by the ragnin' waves on top.

"So I blew the can full of air and corked it, and then I tore up some of the boards from the bottom of the boat so as to make a hole big enough for me to get through—and your sailor-men needn't wriggle so when I say that, for you all know a divin' bell hasn't any bottom at all and the water
never comes in—and so when I got the hole big enough I took the oil-can under my arm and was just about to slip down through it when I saw an awful turtle a-walkin' through the sand at the bottom. Now, I might trust sharks and sword-fishes and sea-serpents to be frightened and forget about their nat'ral enemies, but I never could trust a grey turtle as big as a cart, with a black neck a yard long, with yellow bags to its jaws, to forget anything or to remember anything. I'd as lieve get into a bath-tub with a live crab as to go down there. It wasn't of no use even so much as thinkin' of it, so I gave up that plan and didn't once look through that hole again."

"And what did you do, madam?" asked Captain Bird, who was regarding her with a face of stone.

"I used electricity," she said. "Now don't start as if you had a shock of it. That's what I used. When I was younger than I was then and sometimes visited friends in the city, we often amused ourselves by rubbing our feet on the carpet until we got ourselves so full of electricity that we could put up our fingers and light the gas. So I said to myself that if I could get full of electricity for the purpose of lightin' the gas I could get full of it for other purposes, and so, without losin' a moment, I set to work. I stood up on one of the seats, which was dry, and I rubbed the bottoms of my shoes backward and forward on it with such violence and swiftness that they pretty soon got warm and I began fillin' with electricity, and when I was fully charged with it from my toes to the top of my head I just sprang into the water and swam ashore. Of course I couldn't sink, bein' full of electricity."

Captain Bird heaved a long sigh and rose to his feet, whereupon the other mariners rose to their feet. "Madam," said Captain Bird, "what's to pay for the supper and—the rest of the entertainment?"

"The supper is twenty-five cents apiece," said the widow Ducket, "and everything else is free, gratis."

Whereupon each mariner put his hand into his trousers pocket, pulled out a silver quarter, and handed it to the widow. Then with four solemn "Good evenin's" they went out to the front gate.

"Cast off, Captain Jenkinson," said Captain Bird, "and you, Captain Burress, clew him up for'ard. You can stay in
the bow, Captain Sanderson, and take the sheet lines. I'll go aft."

All being ready, each of the elderly mariners clambered over a wheel, and having seated themselves, they prepared to lay their course for Cuppertown.

But just as they were about to start, Captain Jenkinson asked that they lay to a bit, and clambering down over his wheel, he re-entered the front gate and went up to the door of the house, where the widow and Dorcas were still standing.

"Madam," said he, "I just came back to ask what became of your brother-in-law through his wife's not bein' able to put no light in the window?"

"The storm drove him ashore on our side of the bay," said she, "and the next mornin' he came up to our house and I told him all that had happened to me; and when he took our boat and went home and told that story to his wife she just packed up and went out West, and got divorced from him; and it served him right, too."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Captain Jenkinson, and going out of the gate he clambered up over the wheel and the wagon cleared for Cuppertown.

When the elderly mariners were gone the widow Duckett, still standing in the door, turned to Dorcas.

"Think of it," she said—"to tell all that to me, in my own house! And after I had opened my one jar of brandied peaches that I'd been keepin' for special company!"

"In your own house!" ejaculated Dorcas. "And not one of them brandied peaches left!"

The widow jingled the four quarters in her hand before she slipped them into her pocket.

"Anyway, Dorcas," she remarked, "I think we can now say we are square with all the world, and so let's go in and wash the dishes."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "we're square."
THE ORGY

WALTER DE LA MARE
WALTER DE LA MARE originally made his name as a poet
(his *Songs of Childhood* and *Peacock Pie* contain some of the
most delightful lyrics in the language) but he has also written
several novels and a large number of short stories in a
vein of delicate fantasy which is inimitable.
THE ORGY

IT was a Wednesday morning, and May Day, and London, its West End too, crisp, brisk, scintillating. Even the horses had come out in their Sunday best. With their nosegays and ribbons and rosettes they might have been on their way to a wedding—the nuptials of Labour and Capital, perhaps. As for people, the wide pavements of the great street were packed with them. Not so many busy idlers of the one sex as of the other, of course, at this early hour—a top-hat here, a pearl-grey Homburg there; but of the feminine a host as eager and variegated as the butterflies in an Alpine valley in midsummer; some stepping daintily down from their landaulettes like “Painted Ladies” out of the chrysalis, and thousands of others, blues and browns and speckleds and sables and tawnies and high-fliers and maiden’s blushes, from all parts of the world and from most of the suburbs, edging and eddying along, this way, that way, their eyes goggling, their tongues clacking, but most of them, their backs to the highway, gazing, as though mesmerized, in and in through the beautiful plate-glass windows at the motley merchandise on the other side. And much of that on the limbs and trunks of beatific images almost as lifelike but a good deal less active than themselves.

The very heavens, so far as they could manage to peep under the blinds, seemed to be smiling at this plenty. Nor had they any need for care concerning the future, for nursemaids pushing their baby-carriages before them also paraded the pavements, their infant charges laid in dimpled sleep beneath silken awning and coverlet, while here and there a tiny tot chattered up into the air like a starling.

A clock, probably a church clock, and only just audible, struck eleven. The sun from its heights far up above the roof-tops blazed down upon the polished asphalt and walls with such an explosion of splendour that it looked as if
everything had been repainted overnight with a thin coat of crystalline varnish and then sprinkled with frozen sea-water. And every human creature within sight seemed to be as heart-free and gay as this beautiful weather promised to be brief. With one exception only—poor Philip Pim.

And why not? He was young—so young in looks, indeed, that if Adonis had been stepping along at his side they might have been taken for cousins. He was charmingly attired, too, from his little round hard felt hat—not unlike Mercury's usual wear, but without the wings—to his neat brogue shoes; and he was so blond, with his pink cheeks and flaxen hair, that at first you could scarcely distinguish his silken eyebrows and eyelashes, though they made up for it on a second glance. Care seemed never to have sat on those young temples. Philip looked as harmless as he was unharmed.

Alas, this without of his had no resemblance whatever to his within. He eyed vacantly a buzzing hive-like abandonment he could not share: first, because though he had the whole long day to himself he had no notion of what to do with it; and next, because only the previous afternoon the manager of the bank in which until then he had had a stool specially reserved for him every morning had shaken him by the hand and had wished him well—for ever. He had said how deeply he regretted Philip's services could not be indulged in by the bank any longer. He would miss him. Oh yes, very much indeed—but missed Philip must be.

The fact was that Philip had never been able to add up pounds, shillings, and pence so that he could be certain the total was correct. His 9's, too, often looked like 7's, his 5's like 3's. And as "simple addition" was all but his sole duty in the bank, he would not have adorned its premises for a week if his uncle, Colonel Crompton Pim, had not been acquainted with one of its most stylish directors, and was not in the habit of keeping a large part of his ample fortune in its charge. He had asked Mr. Bumbleton to give Philip a chance. But chances—some as rapidly as Manx cats—come to an end. And Philip's had.

Now, if Colonel Pim had sent his nephew when he was a small boy to a nice public school, he might have been able by this time to do simple sums very well indeed. Philip might have become an accurate adder-up. It is well to look on the bright side of things. Unfortunately, when Philip
was an infant, his health had not been very satisfactory—at least to his widowed mother—and he had been sent instead to a private academy. There a Mr. Browne was the mathematical master—a Mr. Browne so much attached to algebra and to reading *The Times* in school hours that he had not much patience with the rudiments of arithmetic. “Just add it up,” he would say, “and look up the answer. And if it isn’t right, do it again.”

It was imprudent of him, but in these early years poor Philip had never so much as dreamed that some day he was going to be a clerk on a stool. If he had, he might not perhaps have been so eager to look up the answers. But then, his uncle was fabulously rich and yet apparently unmarried, and Philip was his only nephew. Why, then, should he ever have paid any attention to banks, apart from the variety on which the wild thyme grows?

Term succeeded term, and still, though “a promising boy”, he remained backward—particularly in the last of the three R’s. And his holidays, so called, would be peppered with such problems as: (a) If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, how many would you get for a shilling? (b) If a brick weighs a pound and half a brick, how much does it weigh? (c) If Moses was the son of Pharaoh’s daughter, etc.; and (d) Uncles and brothers have I none, and so on. And since, after successive mornings with a sheet of foolscap and a stub of pencil, Philip’s answers would almost invariably reappear as (a) 18, (b) 1½ lb., (c) his sister, and (d) himself, Colonel Pim grew more and more impatient and Nature had long ago given him a good start.

He had a way, too, when carpeting poor Philip, of flicking his shepherd-plaid trouser-leg with his handkerchief, which seemed useless to everyone concerned. And at last, instead of transferring his nephew from Mr. Browne to Christ Church, Oxford, or to Trinity College, Cambridge, or to some less delectable resort at an outlying university, he first (before setting out in pursuit of big game all around the world) consigned him to a tutor, who thanked his lucky stars the expedition would take the Colonel a long time; and, on his return, gave them both a prolonged vacation.

And then had fallen the bolt from the blue. On the morning of his twenty-first birthday, which had promised to be so cool, so calm, so bright, Philip received a letter from his
uncle. He opened it with joy; he read it with consternation. It was in terms as curt as they looked illegible, and it was merely to tell him that what the Colonel called a post (but which was, in fact, a high stool) had been secured for his nephew, and that unless Philip managed to keep his seat on it for twelve consecutive months he would be cut off with a shilling.

Of these drear months about two and a half had somehow managed to melt away, and now not only was the stool rapidly following them into the limbo of the past, but at this very moment the Colonel was doubtless engaged, and with his usual zest, in keeping his promise. What wonder, then, Philip was not exactly a happy young man as he wandered this sunny populous May morning aimlessly on his way. There was nothing—apart from everything around him—to make him so, except only one minute stroke of luck that had befallen him before breakfast.

When he had risen from his tumbled bed in his London lodgings, the sight of his striped bank trousers and his black bank coat and waistcoat had filled him with disgust. Opening the grained cupboard which did duty for a wardrobe—and in the indulgence of his tailor it was pretty full—he took down from a peg the festive suit he was now wearing, but which otherwise he had left unheeded since Easter. He found himself faintly whistling as he buttoned it on; but his delight can be imagined when, putting his finger and thumb into an upper waistcoat pocket, he discovered—a sovereign. And an excellent specimen of one, with St. George in his mantle and the dragon on the one side of it, and King Edward VII’s head—cut off at the neck as if he had sat to its designer in his bath—on the other. This, with four others very much like it, had been bestowed on Philip many months ago by his Uncle Charles—a maternal uncle, who had since perished in Paris. As the rest of Philip’s pockets contained only sevenpence-halfpenny in all, this coin—how forgotten, he simply could not conjecture—was treasure trove indeed.

Now, poor Philip had never really cared for money. Perhaps he had always associated it with herrings and halfbricks. Perhaps he had never needed it quite enough. Since, moreover, immediately opposite his perch at the bank there hung a framed antique picture of this commodity in process
of being shovelled out of receptacles closely resembling coal-scuttles into great vulgar heaps upon a polished counter, and there weighed in brass scales like so much lard or glucose, he had come to like it less and less. On the other hand, he dearly enjoyed spending it. As with Adam and the happy birds in the Garden of Eden—linnet and kestrel and wren—he enjoyed seeing it fly. In this he was the precise antithesis of his uncle.

Colonel Crompton Pim loved money. He exulted in it (not vocally, of course) en masse, as the Pharaohs exulted in pyramids. And he abhorred spending it. For this (and for many another) reason he had little affection for mere objects—apart, that is, from such objects as golf clubs, shooting-boots, or hippopotamus-hoof ink-stands, and he had not the smallest pleasure in buying anything for mere buying's sake.

His immense dormitory near Cheltenham, it is true, was full of furniture, but it was furniture, acquired in the 'sixties or thereabouts, for use and not for joy. Prodigious chairs with pigskin seats; tables of a solidity that defied time and of a wood that laughed at the worm; bedsteads of the Gog order; wardrobes resembling Assyrian sarcophagi; and ottomans which would seat with comfort and dignity a complete royal family. As for its "ornaments", they came chiefly from Benares.

And simply because poor Philip delighted in spending money and hated impedimenta such as these with the contempt a humming-bird feels for the corpse of a rhinoceros, he had never been able to take to his uncle—not even for the sake of what he owned. And it was impossible—as he fondly supposed—for any human being to take to him for any other reason. No, there was nothing in common between them, except a few branches of the family tree. And these the Colonel might already have converted into firewood.

Now, as poor Philip meandered listlessly along the street, fingering his Uncle Charles's golden sovereign in his pocket, he came on one of those gigantic edifices wherein you can purchase anything in the world—from a white elephant to a performing flea, from a cargo of coconuts to a tin-tack. This was the "store" at which his uncle "dealt". And by sheer force of habit, Philip mounted the welcoming flight of steps, crossed a large, flat rubber mat, and went inside.

Having thus got safely in, he at once began to powder
how he was to get safely out—with any fraction, that is, of his golden sovereign still in his pocket. And he had realized in the recent small hours that with so little on earth now left to spend, except an indefinite amount of leisure, he must strive to spend that little with extreme deliberation.

So first, having breakfasted on a mere glance at the charred remnant of a kipper which his landlady had served up with his chicory, he entered a large gilded lift, or elevator, as the directors preferred to call it, en route to the restaurant. There he seated himself at a vacant table and asked the waitress to be so kind as to bring him a glass of milk and a bun. He nibbled, he sipped, and he watched the people—if people they really were, and not, as seemed more probable, automatons intended to advertise the Ecclesiastical, the Sports, the Provincial, the Curlo, the Export, and the Cast-Iron Departments.

With his first sip of milk he all but made up his mind to buy a little parting present for his uncle. It would be at least a gentle gesture. With his second he decided that the Colonel would be even less pleased to receive a letter and, say, a velvet smoking-cap, or a pair of mother-of-pearl cuff-links, than just a letter. By the time he had finished his bun he had decided to buy a little something for himself. But try as he might he could think of nothing (for less than a guinea) that would be worthy of the shade of his beloved Uncle Charles. So having pushed seven-fifteenths of all else he possessed under his plate for his freckled waitress, with the remaining fourpence he settled his bill and went steadily downstairs. Nineteen minutes past ten—he would have a good look about him before he came to a decision.

Hunger, it has been said, sharpens the senses, but it is apt also to have an edgy effect upon the nerves. If, then, Philip's breakfast had been less exacting, or his lunch had made up for it, he might have spent the next few hours of this pleasant May morning as a young man should—in the open air. Or he might have visited the British Museum, or the National Gallery, or Westminster Abbey. He might never, at any rate, in one brief morning of his mortal existence have all but died again and again of terror, abandon, shame, rapture, and incredulity. He might never—but all in good time.

He was at a loose end, and it is then that habits are apt
to prevail. And of all his habits, Philip’s favourite was that of ordering goods on behalf of his uncle. The Colonel in his fantastic handwriting would post him two weekly lists—one consisting of the “wanted”, the other of complaints about the previous week’s “supplied”. Armed with these, Philip would set out for the building he was now actually in. 

The first list, though not a thing of beauty, was a joy as long as it lasted. The second, for he had always flatly refused to repeat his uncle’s sulphurous comments to any underling, he reserved for his old enemy, the secretary of the establishment, Sir Leopold Bull. And though in these weekly interviews Sir Leopold might boil with rage and chagrin, he never boiled over. For the name of Pim was a name of power in the secretary’s office. The name of Pim was that of a heavy shareholder; and what the Colonel wanted he invariably in the long run got. A chest, say, of Ceylon tea, “rich, fruity, bright infusion”; a shooting-stick (extra heavy, Brugglesdon tube pattern); a quart-size tantalus, for a wedding present, with a double spring sterling silver Brahmin lock; a hundredweight of sago; a sty mie, perhaps, or a click—something of that sort.

These “order days” had been the balm of Philip’s late existence. His eyes fixed on his ledger and his fancy on, say, “Saddlery” or “Sports”, he looked forward to his Wednesdays like a thirsty Arab in the desert to an oasis of palms and a well of water. Indeed his chief regret at the bank, apart from little difficulties with his 9’s and 3’s, had been that his uncle’s stores were closed on Saturday afternoons—and on Sundays. His hobby had, therefore, frequently given him indigestion, since he could indulge it only between 1 and 2 p.m. It was a pity, of course, that Colonel Pim was a man of wants so few, and those of so narrow a range. Possibly the sons of India had burned the rest out of him. But for Philip, any kind of vicarious purchase had been better than none. And now these delights, too, were for ever over. His fountain had run dry; Sir Leopold had triumphed.

At this moment he found himself straying into the Portmanteau and Bag Department. There is nothing like leather, and here there was nothing but leather, and all of it made up into articles ranging in size from trunks that would hold the remains of a Daniel Lambert to card-cases that would hold practically nothing at all. And all of a sudden Philip fancied
he would like to buy a cigarette-case. He would have preferred one of enamel or gold or morocco or tortoise-shell or lizard or shagreen; or even of silver or suède. But preferences are expensive. And as he sauntered on, his dreamy eye ranging the counters in search merely of a cigarette-case he could buy, his glance alighted on a “gent’s dressing-case”.

It was of pigskin, and it lay, unlike the central figure in Rembrandt’s “Lesson in Anatomy”, so that the whole of its interior was in full view, thus revealing a modest row of silver-topped bottles, similar receptacles for soap, toothbrushes, hair-oil, and eau de Cologne; a shoe-horn, a boot-hook, an ivory paper-knife, and hair-brushes, “all complete”. Philip mused on it for a moment or two, perplexed by a peculiar effervescence that was going on in his vitals. He then approached the counter and asked its price.

“The price, sir?” echoed the assistant, squinnying at the tiny oblong of pasteboard attached by a thread to the ring of the handle. “The price of that article is seventeen, seventeen, six.”

He was a tubby little man with boot-button eyes, and his “pounds”, Philip thought, was a trifle unctuous.

“Ah,” he said, putting a bold face on the matter, “it looks a sound workaday bag. A little mediocre perhaps. Have you anything—less ordinary?”

“Something more expensive, sir? Why, yes, indeed. This is only a stock line—the ‘Archdeacon’ or ‘County Solicitor’ model. We have prices to suit all purses. Now if you were thinking of something which you might call reshersy, sir”—and Philip now was—“there’s a dressing-case under the window over there was specially made to the order of Haight Haight the Maharaja of Jolhopolloluli. Unfortunately, sir, the gentleman deceased suddenly a week or two ago; climate, I understand. His funeral obsequies were in the newspaper, you may remember. The consequence being, his ladies not, as you might say, concurring, the dressing-case in a manner of speaking is on our hands—and at a considerable reduction. Only six hundred and seventy-five guineas, sir; or rupees to match.”

“May I look at it?” said Philip. “Colonel Crompton Pim.”

“By all means, sir,” cried the little man as if until that moment he had failed to notice that Philip was a long-lost
son. "Colonel Crompton Pim; of course. Here is the article, sir, a very handsome case, and quite unique, one of the finest, in fact, I have ever had the privilege of handling since I was transferred to this department—from the Sports, sir."

He pressed a tiny knob, the hinges yawned, and Philip's mouth began to water. It was in sober sooth a handsome dressing-case, and the shaft of sunlight that slanted in on it from the dusky window seemed pleased to be exploring it. It was a dressing-case of tooled red Levant morocco, with gold locks and clasps and a lining of vermilion watered silk, gilded with a chaste design of lotus flowers, peacocks, and houris, the fittings being of gold and tortoise-shell, and studded with so many minute brilliants and seed pearls that its contents, even in that rather dingy sunbeam, appeared to be delicately on fire.

Philip's light-blue eyes under their silken lashes continued to dwell on its charms in so spellbound a silence that for a moment the assistant thought the young man was about to swoon.

"Thank you very much," said Philip at last, turning away with infinite reluctance and with a movement as graceful as that of a fawn, or a première danseuse about to rest; "I will keep it in mind. You are sure the management can afford the reduction?"

Having made this rather airy comment, it seemed to Philip impolite, if not impossible, to ask the price of a "job line" of mock goatskin cigarette-cases that were piled up in dreary disorder on a tray near at hand. So he passed out into the next department, which happened to be that devoted to goods described as "fancy", though, so far as he could see, not very aptly.

Still, he glanced around him as he hurried on, his heart bleeding for the unfortunates, old and helpless, or young and defenceless, doomed some day to welcome these exasperating barbarous jocosities as gifts. But at sight of an obscure, puffy, maroon object demonstratively labelled "Pochette: Art Nouveau", his very skin contracted, and he was all but about to inquire of a large, veiled old lady with an ebony walking-stick who was manfully pushing her way through this mélange, possibly in search of a pris-dieu, how such dreadful phenomena were "begot, how nourished", and was

S.C.H.
himself preparing to join in the chorus, when a little beyond it his glance alighted on a minute writing-case, so frailly finished, so useless, so delicious to look at, handle, and smell, that even Titania herself might have paused to admire it. Philip eyed it with unconcealed gusto. His features had melted into the smile that so often used to visit them when as a little boy he had confided in his Uncle Charles that he preferred éclairs to doughnuts. Its price, he thought, was ridiculously moderate: only £67 10s.

"It's the décor, sir—Parisian, of course—that makes it a trifle costly," the assistant was explaining. "But it's practical as well as sheek and would add distinction to any young lady's boudoir, bed-chamber, or lap. The ink, as you see, sir, cannot possibly leak from the bottle, if the case, that is, is held the right way up—so. The pencil, the 'Sans Merri', as you observe, is of solid gold; and the pen, though we cannot guarantee the nib, is set with life-size turquoises. The flaps will hold at least six sheets of small-size note-paper, and envelopes to—or not to—match. And here is a little something, a sort of calendar, sir, by which you can tell the day of the week of any day of the month in any year in any century from one A.D. to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine. It could then be renewed."

"M'm, very ingenious," Philip murmured, "and even Leap Year, I see. Is it unique, and so on?"

"No doubt of it, sir. As a matter of fact, a lady from Philadelphia—the United States of America, sir—ordered fifty facsimilies, platinum mounts, of this very article—only yesterday afternoon; they get married a good deal over there, sir; wedding presents."

"Quite, thank you, no," said Philip, firmly but pleasantly. "They say there is safety in numbers, but there seems to be precious little else. Have you anything less reproducible?"

"Reproducible, sir? Why, naturally, sir. You see this is only a counter article. While catering for the many, sir, we are bound to keep an eye upon the few. For that very reason, the management prefer to have the costlier specimens under cover."

"Again, thank you," said Philip hurriedly. "What evils are done in thy name, O Philadelphia! I may return later."

He emerged from the Fancy-Goods Department, feeling
at the same moment crestfallen and curiously elated. His mind, in fact, at this moment resembled a volcano the instant before its gloom is fated to burst into a blazing eruption. Though very hazily, he even recognized the danger he was in. So in hope to compose himself he sat down for a minute or two on a Madeira wicker chair intended perhaps by the management for this very purpose, and found himself gazing at a large black Chinese cat, in the glossiest of glazed earthenware, and as lifelike as Oriental artifice could make it. It was seated in a corner under a high potted palm, and it wore a grin upon its features that may have come from Cheshire, but which showed no symptom whatever of vanishing away. At sight of it—for Philip was not only partial to cats but knew the virtues of the black variety—a secret fibre seemed to have snapped in his head. "Good luck!" the creature smirked at him. And Philip smirked back. A flame of anguished defiance and desire had leapt up in his body. He would show his uncle what was what. He would learn him to cut nephews off with shillings. He would dare and do and die!

He rose, refreshed and renewed. It was as if he had tossed off a bumper of "Veuve Clicquot" of 1866. He must himself have come over with the Conqueror. A shopwalker lurking near was interrupted in the middle of an enormous gape by the spectacle of this Apollonian young figure now entering his department—Pianofortes and American Organs. There was something in the leopard-like look of him, something so princely and predatory in his tread, that this Mr. Jackson would have been almost ready to confess that he was moved. Frenchily dark and Frenchily sleek, he bowed himself almost double.

"Yes, sir?" he remarked out loud.


"Thank you, sir; this way, please. Grand pianofortes, Mr. Smithers."

"I want a Grand piano," repeated Philip to Mr. Smithers, an assistant with a slight cast in his left eye and an ample gingerish moustache. But in spite of these little handicaps Philip liked him much better than Mr. Jackson. A far-away glimpse of Mrs. Smithers and of all the little Smitherses seated round their Sunday leg of mutton at Hackney or at Brondesbury, maybe, had flashed into his mind.

"Grands, sir," cried Mr. Smithers, moving his moustache
up and down with a curious rotary constriction of the lips; "this way, please."

The young man was conducted along serried ranks of Grands. They stood on their three legs, their jaws tight-shut, as mute as troops on parade. Philip paced on and on, feeling very much like the Duke of Cambridge reviewing a regiment of his Guards. He paused at length in front of a "Style 8; 7 ft. 9 in., square-legged, blackwood, mahogany-trimmed Bismarck".

"It looks spacious," he smiled amiably. "But the finish! And why overhung?"

"Overstrung, sir?" said Mr. Smithers. "That's merely a manner of speaking, sir, relating solely to its inside. But this, of course, is not what we specify as a grand Grand. For tone and timber and resonance and pedal work and solidity and wear—there isn't a better on the market. I mean on the rest of the market. And if you were having in mind an everlasting instrument for the nursery or for a practice room—and we supply the new padded partitioning—this would be precisely the instrument, sir, you were having in mind. The young are sometimes a little hard on piano-fortes, sir. They mean well, but they are but children after all; and—"

"Now let—me—think," Philip interposed. "To be quite candid, I wasn't having anything of that sort in mind. My sentiments are England for the English; and Bismarck, you know, though in girth and so on a remarkable man, was in other respects, a little—well, miscellaneous. It is said that he mixed his champagne with stout—or was it cocoa? On the other hand, I have no wish to be insular, and I may order one of these constructions later. For a lady, the niece, as a matter of fact, of a governess of my uncle Colonel Crompton Pim's when he was young—as young at least as it was possible for him to be—who is, I believe, thinking of taking—of taking in—pupils. But we will see to that later. Have you anything that I could really look at?"

Mr. Smithers's moustaches twirled like a weathercock. "Why, yes, sir. Just now we are up to our eyes in pianos—flooded; and if I may venture to say so, sir, Bismarck was never no friend of mine. All this," and he swept his thumb in the direction of the avenue of instruments that stretched behind them, "they may be Grands, but they're most of them
foreign, and if you want a little something as nice to listen to as it is natty to look at, and not a mere menadjery fit only for an 'awl, there is a little what they call a harpsichord over yonder, sir. It's a bijou model, de Pompadour case, hand-painted throughout—cups and scallops and what-not, all English gut, wire, metal, and jacks, and I defy any dealer in London to approximate it, sir, in what you might call pure form. No noise and all music, sir, and that mellow you scarcely knew where to look. A lady's instrument—a titled lady's. And only seven hundred and seventy-seven guineas, sir, all told."

"Is it unique?" Philip inquired.

"Unique, sir? There's not another like it in Europe."

Philip smiled at Mr. Smithers very kindly out of his blue eyes. "But what about America?" he said.

The assistant curved what seemed an almost unnecessarily large hand round his lips. "Between you and me, sir, if by America," he murmured, "you're meaning the United States, why, Messrs. Montferas & de Beaguyou refuse to ship in that direction. It ruins their tone. In fact, sir, they are what's called difficult. They make for nobody and nowhere but as a favour; and that instrument over there was built for . . ."

He whispered the sesame so low that water rustling on a pebbled beach would have conveyed to Philip tidings more intelligible. But by the look in Mr. Smithers's eye Philip guessed that the lady in question moved in a lofty, though possibly a narrow, circle.

"Ah," he said; "then that settles it. A home away from home. Charity begins there. I shall want it tomorrow. I shall want them both tomorrow. I mean the pianos. And perhaps a more democratic instrument for the servants' hall. But I will leave that to you."

Mr. Smithers pretended not to goggle. "Why, yes, sir, that can be easily arranged. In London, I ho—conjecture?"

"In London," said Philip. "Grosvenor Square." For at that very instant, as if at the summons of a jinnee, there had wafted itself into his memory the image of a vacant and "highly desirable residence" which his casual eye had glanced upon only the afternoon before, and which had proclaimed itself "to be let".

"Grosvenor Square, sir; oh yes, sir," Mr. Smithers was
ejaculating, order-book in hand. "I will arrange for their removal at once. The three of them—quite a nice little set, sir."

"Pim, Crompton, Colonel," chanted Philip. "R-O-M; deferred account; thank you. 4-4-4, yes, four hundred and forty-four, Grosvenor Square. I am—that is, we are furnishing there."

But his gentle emphasis on the "we" was so courtly in effect that it sounded more like an afterthought than a piece of information. Nevertheless it misled Mr. Smithers. Intense fellow-feeling beamed from under his slightly over-hung forehead. "And I am sure, sir, if I may make so bold, I wish you both every happiness. I am myself of a matrimonial turn. And regret it, sir? Never! I always say if every—"

"That's very kind indeed of you," said Philip, averting his young cheek, which having flushed had now turned a little pale. "And, if I may be so bold, I am perfectly certain Mrs. Smithers is of the same way of thinking. Which is the best way to the Best Man's Department, if I take in Portmanteaux and the Fancies on my way?"

Mr. Smithers eyed him with the sublimest admiration. "Straight through, sir, on the left beyond them Chappels. On the same floor, but right out on the farther side of the building. As far as you can go."

"That is exactly what I was beginning to wonder—precisely how far I can go. This little venture of mine is a rather novel experience, and at the moment I am uncertain of its issue. But tell me, why is it our enterprising American friends have not yet invented a lateral lift?"

"Now that's passing strange, too, sir; for I've often fancied it myself," said Mr. Smithers. "But you see in a department like this there's not much time for quiet thought, sir, with so much what you might call hidden din about. As a matter of fact, when I was younger, sir—and that happens to us all—I did invent a harmonium key-stifler—rubber and pith and wool—so—and a small steel spring, quite neat and entirely unnoticeable. But the manufacturers wouldn't look at it; not they!"

"I don't believe," said Philip, folding up his bill, "they ever look at anything. Not closely, you know. But if ever I do buy a harmonium"—he put his head a little on one side
and again smiled at Mr. Smithers—"I shall insist on the stiffer. I suppose," he added reflectively, "you haven't by any chance a nice pedigree Amati or Stradivarius in stock? I have a little weakness for fiddles."

Mr. Smithers, leaning heavily on the counter on both his thumbs, smiled, but at the same time almost imperceptibly shook his head.

"I fancied it was unlikely," said Philip. "What's that over there; in the glass case, I mean?"

"That, sir?" said Mr. Smithers, twinkling up. "In that glass case there? That's a harp, sir. And a lovely little piece that is. Child's size, sir. What they call minnychoore, and well over a century old, but still as sweet as a canary. It was made, so they say, for Mozart, the composer, sir, as you might be aware, in 1781, and up in the top corner is scratched the letters A. W. No doubt of it, sir—A. W. I've seen a picture of the mite myself playing like a nangel in his nightcap, and not a day over seven; you'd hardly believe it, and his parents coming in at the door. Surprising. Then Schumann, he had it, sir—I mean the harp; and Schumann, though I don't know how he could dissuade himself to part with it, he passed it on to Brahms, another composer—and very much thought of even though a bit nearer our day. But you'll find it all neatly set out on the brass label at the foot. It's all there, sir. There's many a custo—"

"Indeed!" said Philip. "Brahms, Schumann, Mozart, what scenes we are recalling! And here it rests at last. The knacker's yard. How very, very sad. Why, of course, Mr. Smithers, we must have that sent on too—and packed very, very carefully. Is the glass case extra?"

Mr. Smithers gulped. "I am exceedingly sorry, sir," he said, "exceedingly sorry, but it's not for sale; I mean—except the case."

"Not for sale," retorted Philip impulsively. "But what is the use, Mr. Smithers, of a mercenary institution like this unless everything in it is for sale? You cannot mean for raw advertisement?"

Mr. Smithers was covered with confusion. "I am sure, sir," he said, "that the directors would do their utmost to consider your wishes. They would be very happy to do so. But if you will excuse my mentioning it, I should myself very much miss that harp. I have been in this department
thirteen years now. . . . My little boy . . . It is the only thing . . ."

It was Philip’s turn to be all in confusion. “Good gracious me, I quite understand,” he said; “not another word, Mr. Smithers. I wouldn’t think of pressing the point. None the less, I can assure you that even if it had been for sale I should always have welcomed you whenever you cared to come to Grosvenor Square and take another look at it. And, of course, your little boy too—all your little boys.”

Mr. Smithers appeared to be lost in gratitude. “If only,” he began, a light that never was on sea or land in his eye—but words failed him.

At the other end of the Chappels, Philip again encountered the walker, Mr. Jackson, still looking as much like a self-possessed bridegroom as it is possible for a high collar and a barber to achieve.

“I see,” said Philip, “you exhibit specimens of the tubephone (and, by the way, I would suggest a instead of er), the tubaphone, the clogbox, and the Bombaboo, iniquities at the same time negroid and old-fashioned; but though in a recent visit to Budapest I found even the charming little linden-shaded shops—along the Uffel-gang, you know, not, of course, a fashionable part of the city—crammed with models of the ‘Haba-Stein’, a microtonic instrument with five keyboards and Hindu effects, intended, of course, for the polytonal decompositions of the ‘Nothing-but-Music’ school—most interesting—I see no trace of it here. I am not a neoteromaniac, but still, we must keep abreast, we must keep abreast!”

He waved a not unfriendly glove over his head, smiled, and went on.

Mr. Smithers had also watched the slim, grey, young figure until it had turned the corner and was out of sight. He then had a word with his floor chief.

“Pim, eh, Crompton,” said Mr. Jackson, squinting morosely at his underling’s open order-book. “Setting up house? Then I suppose the old gent must have sent in his checks. Not that I’m surprised this nephew of his hasn’t bought his black yet. Close-fisted, purple-nosed, peppery old—-! There won’t be many to cry their eyes out over his arums and gardenias.”

Mr. Smithers, being a family man, felt obliged to
seem to enjoy as much as possible his immediate chief's society.

"All I can say is," he ventured, "that young feller, and he's a gentleman if ever there was one, is making it fly."

He was. At this moment Philip was assuring Assistant No. 6 in the Portmanteau Department that unless the Maharaja of Jolhopolloluli's dressing-case could be dispatched next day to reach No. 444 Grosvenor Square by tea-time he need not trouble. "A few other little things," he explained, "are being sent at the same time." No. 6 at once hastened to the house telephone and asked for the secretary's office. The line was engaged.

But he need not have hesitated, for when a young man with a Pim for an uncle and of so much suavity and resource makes his wishes known, this world is amiability itself. Philip was warming up. However bland in outward appearance, he was by this time at a very enlivening temperature. He had tasted blood, as the saying goes; and he was beginning to see the need of setting a good example. Customers, like the coneys, are usually a fickle folk. His little sortie was turning into a crusade.

By this time he had all but finished disporting himself in the Furniture Department. "Three large reception-rooms, one of them extensive," had run his rather naked catalogue, "a ball-room, a dining-room, a breakfast-room, and a little pretty dumpy all-kinds-of-angles morning-room with a Cherubini ceiling and a Venetian chimney-piece, eighteenth century, in lapis lazuli and glass. Bedrooms, let me see, say, twenty-two—just to go on with (but not in), eleven of them for personal use, and the rest staff. That, I think, will do for the present. We face east or west as the case may be; and nothing, please, of the 'decorative', the quaint, or the latest thing out. Nothing shoddy, shapeless, or sham. I dislike the stuffy and the fussy and mere trimmings; and let the beds be beds. Moreover, I confess to being sadly disappointed in the old, the 'antique', furniture, you have shown me. The choice is restricted, naïve and incongruous, and I have looked in vain for anything that could not be easily rivalled in the richer museums. However, let there be as many so-called antique pieces as possible, and those as antique as you can manage. Period, origin, design, harmony—please bear these in mind."
The assistants, clustering around him, bowed.

"If I have time I will look through the department again on my way home. Seven hundred guineas for the cheaper of the Chippendale four-posters seems a little exorbitant; and three hundred and fifty for the William and Mary wall-glass—I fear it's been resilvered and patched. Still, I agree you can but do your best—I say you can all of you but do your best—and I must put up with that. What I must insist on, however, is that everything I have mentioned—everything—must be in its place tomorrow afternoon—carpets and so on will, of course, precede them—by four o'clock. And let there be no trace left of that indescribable odour of straw and wrappings—from Delhi, I should think—which accompanies removals. 444 Grosvenor Square. Pim—Crompton—Colonel: R-O-M. Thank you. To the left? Thank you."

This floor chief hastened on in front of his visitor as if he were a Gehazi in attendance on a Naaman, and the young man presently found himself in a scene overwhelmingly rich with the colours, if not the perfumes, of the Orient. Here a complete quarter of an hour slid blissfully by. Mere wooden furniture, even when adorned with gilt, lacquer, ivory, or alabaster, can be disposed of with moderate ease; and especially if the stock of the tolerable is quickly exhausted. But Persian, Chinese, if not Turkey, carpets are another matter.

Philip sat erect on a gimcrack gilded chair, his cane and hat in his left hand, his gloves in his right, while no less than three sturdy attendants in baize aprons at one and the same moment strewed their matchless offerings at his feet, and an infuriated and rapidly multiplying group of would-be customers in search of floorcloth, lino, and coconut matting stood fuming beyond. But "first come first served" is a good old maxim, and even apart from it Philip was unaware of their company. He lifted not so much as an eyebrow in their direction.

In the meantime, however, the cash balance in his uncle's bank, and much else besides, had long since as rapidly vanished as the vapour from a locomotive on a hot summer's day. From the Carpet Department, vexed that time allowed him only one of London's chief treasures to ransack—such are the glories of Bokhara and Ispahan—he hastened down to the wine counters. Here, childishly confident in the
cellarage of No. 444, Philip indulged in a pretty palate not inherited from his uncle; claret, Burgundy, hock, sherry, cherry brandy, green Chartreuse, and similar delicate aids to good talk and reflection. He was ingenuous but enthusiastic. Port he ignored.

From "Wines" he made his way through the galleries exhibiting curtains and "hangings" (he shuddered), and china and glass—"most discouraging". His spirits revived a little when yet another defunct and barbaric prince, this time from Abyssinia, supplied him in the Car Department with a vehicle whose only adequate use, to judge from the modesty of its dashboard, the simplicity of its engine, and its price, would be a journey from this world into the next. Nevertheless His Highness had left it behind.

Fleeting visits to counters bristling with ironmongery, turnery, kitchen utensils, and provisions—and from motives of principle he omitted all mention of mulligatawny paste, chutney, West India pickles, and similar fierce and barbarous comestibles—vanished out of memory like the patterns of a kaleidoscope. The rather noisy annexe reserved for live stock Philip left unvisited. After deserts of dead stock it sounded inviting, but Philip's was a dainty nose and he was sorry for orang-outangs.

So too with books. He had clear convictions of what a gentleman's library should be without, but decided that it would take more leisure than he could spare this morning to expound them. Even the sight of a Work of Reference, however, is an excellent sedative; he ordered the choicest of who's-whos, dictionaries, atlases, encyclopaedias, bird, flower, and cookery books—with a copy of "Bradshaw"—and retired.

As for pictures and statuary, one anguished glance into the dreadful chambers devoted to the fine arts had sent him scurrying on like a March hare. Nor, as he rather sadly realized, had he any cause to linger at the portals of the Monumental-Masonry Department, and he now suddenly found himself in the midst of a coruscating blaze of the precious metals and the still more precious stones. He had strayed into "Jewellery"—a feast for Aladdin. Gold in particular—goblets and bowls and tankards, plates, platters, and dishes of it; clocks, chronometers, watches—from massive turnips, memorial of the Georges, to midgets like a
threepenny piece in crystal and enamel, many of them buzzing like bees, and all of them intent on the kind of time which is not wild or always nectarous, but of which Philip had always supposed there was an inexhaustible supply. But not, alas, for all purposes. Indeed, these officious reminders of the actual hour had for the first time a little scared him.

In the peculiar atmosphere that hangs over any abundant array of sago, cooked meats, candles, biscuits, coffee, tea, ginger, and similar wares, he had been merely a young bachelor on the brink of an establishment. But at sight of this otiose display of gew-gaws in the lamplit mansion in which he now found himself, his fancy had suddenly provided him with a bride. She was of fairness incomparably fair. The first faint hint of this eventuality had almost unnerved him. He lost his head and—his heart being unconcerned—his taste also. In tones as languid as the breezes of Arabia he had at once ordered her rings, bracelets, necklaces, pendants, brooches, ear-rings, not to speak of bediamonded plumes and tiaras, that would daunt the dreams even of the complete bevy of musical-comedy young ladies on the British stage—not to mention those of Buenos Aires. And then, oddly enough, he had come to himself, and paused.

At the very moment of opening his mouth in repetition of a solo with which he was now entirely familiar—"R-O-M," and so on—he sat instead, gaping at the tall, calm, bald, venerable old gentleman on the other side of the counter. He had flushed.

"Have you," he inquired almost timidly at last, his eyes fixed on a chastely printed list of cutlery and silverware that lay on the glass case at his elbow, "have you just one really simple, lovely, rare, precious, and—well—unique little trinket suitable for a lady? Young, you know? An un-birthday present?"

The old gentleman looked up, looked at, looked in, smiled fondly, reminiscently, and, selecting a minute key on a ring which he had drawn out of his pocket, opened a safe not half a dozen yards away. "We have this," he said.

"This," at first, was a little fat morocco-leather case. He pressed the spring. Its lid flew open. And for an instant Philip went gravel blind. But it was not so much the suppressed lustre of the jewels within that had dazed his imagination as the delicate marvel of their setting! They
lay like lambent dewdrops on the petals of a flower. The old gentleman gazed too.

“The meaning of the word ‘simple,’” he suggested ruminatively, “is one of many degrees. This, sir, is a Benvenuto Cellini piece.” He had almost whispered the last few syllables as if what in workmanship were past all rivalry was also beyond any mortal pocket; as if, in fact, he were telling secrets of the unattainable. The tone piqued Philip a little.

“It is charming,” he said. “But have you nothing then of Jacques de la Tocqueville’s, or of Rudolph von Himmel-dommer’s, nothing of—dear me, the name escapes me! The earlier Florentine, you will remember, no doubt referred to in Sordello, who designed the chryselephantine bowl for the Botticelli wedding-feast. But never mind. Nothing Greek? Nothing Etruscan—poudre d’or? Are you suggesting that the Winter Palace was thrice looted in vain?”

The old gentleman was accustomed to the airs and graces of fastidious clients and merely smiled. He had not been listening very intently. “You will appreciate the difficulty, sir, of keeping anything but our more trifling pieces actually within reach of the nearest burglar with a stick of gun-cotton or an acetylene lamp. This”—he stirred the little leather case with his finger as lightly as a cat the relics of a mouse, and its contents seemed softly to sizzle in subdued flames of rose and amber and blue—“this,” he said, “happens not to be our property. It is merely in our keeping. And though to an article of such a nature it is absurd to put a price, we have been asked to dispose of it; and by—well, a client for whom we have the profoundest respect.”

“I see”; Philip pondered coldly on the bauble, though his heart was a whirlpool of desire and admiration. He swallowed. The remote tiny piping of a bird that was neither nightingale nor skylark, and yet might be either or both, had called to him as if from the shores of some paradisal isle hidden in the mists of the future. He glanced up at the old gentleman, but his bald, long, grey countenance was as impassive as ever.

“I'll take it,” Philip said, and for a while could say no more. When speech was restored to him, he asked that it should be delivered not “with the other things”, and not to any butler or major-domo or other crustacean that might
appear in answer to a knock at No. 444, but by special messenger into his own personal, private hands.

"Precisely at half past four, if you please." The old gentleman bowed. As there was not enough room in the money column of his order-book for the noughts, he had written in the price in long hand, and was engaged in printing the figures 444 in the place reserved for the customer's address, when a small but clearly actual little voice at Philip's elbow suddenly shrilled up into his ear:

"Mr. Philip Pim, sir?" Philip stood stock-still, stiffened, his heart in his ears. "The sekkertary, sir," the piping voice piped on, "asks me to say he'd be much obliged if you would be so kind as to step along into his office on your way about, sir."

The tone of this invitation, though a little Cockney in effect, was innocence and courtesy itself; yet at sound of it every drop of blood in Philip's body—though he was by no means a bloated creature—had instantly congealed. This was the end, then. His orgy was over. His morning of mornings was done. The afflatus that had wafted him on from floor to floor had wiped out of his mind like the smoke of a snuffed-out candle. Yet still the bright thought shook him: he had had a Run for his money. No—better than that: he had had a Run gratis.

He must collect his wits: they had gone wool-gathering. At last he managed to turn his head and look down at the small, apple-cheeked, maroon-tunicked page-boy at his side—apple-cheeked, alas, only because he had but that week entered the sekkertary's service and his parents were of country stock.

"Tell Sir Leopold Bull"—Philip smiled at the infant—"that I will endeavour to be with him in the course of the afternoon. Thank you. That," he added for the ear of his friend on the other side of the counter, "will be all."

But Philip was reluctant to leave him. These four syllables, as he had heard himself uttering them, sounded on in his ear with thefinality of a knell. He was extremely dubious of what would happen if he let go of the counter. His knees shook under him. A dizzy vacancy enveloped him in. With a faint wan smile at the old gentleman, who was too busily engaged in returning his treasures to the safe to notice it, he managed to edge away at last.
Every mortal thing around him, gilded ceiling to grandfather clock, was at this moment swaying and rotating, as will the ocean in the eyes of a sea-sick traveller floating down upon it from an upper deck. He felt ill with foreboding.

But breeding tells. And courage is a mistress that has never been known to jilt a faithful heart. Philip was reminded of this as he suddenly caught sight of a sort of enormous purple beefeater, resembling in stature a Prussian dragoon, and in appearance a Javanese Jimjam. This figure stood on duty in the doorway, and appeared to be examining him as closely as if he were the heir to the English throne (or the most nefarious crook from Chicago). As Philip drew near he looked this monster full in his fish-like eye, since he was unable to do anything else. But try as he might he could not pass him in silence.

"Ask Sir Leopold Bull, please," he said, "to send an official to show me the way to his office. He will find me somewhere in the building."

"I can take you there meself," replied the giant hoarsely. He could indeed—bodily.

"Thank you," replied Philip. "I have no doubt of it. But I should be much obliged if you would at once deliver my message."

He then groped his way to yet another wicker chair not many yards along a corridor festooned with knick-knacks from Japan and the Near East, and clearly intended for speedy disposal. He eyed them with immense distaste, and sat down.

"Nothing whatever, thank you," he murmured to a waitress who had approached him with a card containing a list of soft drinks. Never in his life had he so signally realized the joys of self-restraint. And though at the same moment he thrust finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket in search of his Uncle Charles's last sovereign, it was with a view not to material but to moral support. Years before he had often tried the same device when as a small boy deadly afraid of the dark he had managed at last to thrust his fevered head up and out from under his bed-clothes, and to emit a dreadful simulacrum of a croupy cough. He had never known it to fail of effect, and it was always nice to know his mother was there.

So, too, with his Uncle Charles's sovereign. It was nice to know it was there, though it was not the dark Philip was
now afraid of, but the light. Resting the ivory handle of his walking-stick on his lower lip, he began to think. What would his sentence be? A first offender, but not exactly a novice. Not, at any rate, he hoped, in taste and judgment. Months or years? Hard labour or penal servitude? So swift is the imagination that in a few seconds Philip found himself not only—his sentence served, the smiling governor bidden farewell—out and a free man again, but fuming with rage that he had not managed to retain a single specimen of his spoils. The Jobbli dressing-bag, for instance, or that tiny, that utterly and inimitably “unique”, little Sheraton Sheridan writing-desk.

He came back a little stronger from this expedition into the future. For reassurance, like hope, springs eternal in the human breast. His one regret was not so much that he had been found out (that might come later), but that he had been found out so soon. How much bolder, less humiliating, nobler, to have actually bearded that old “curmudgeon” of an uncle of his, swapp or bogie in hand, in his den!

That in any event he would have been “found out” on the morrow, as soon, that is, as the first van arrived at No. 444, he had realized long ago. He certainly would not have been found “in”! But even one brief night in May seems, in prospect, a long interval between being a Croesus and a felon in Maidstone Jail.

He was recalled from these reflections by a young man whose sleek black hair was parted as neatly in front and in the middle as his morning coat was parted behind. A few paces distant, like a mass of gilded pudding-stone, stood the giant from the Jewellery Department. Were they in collusion? Philip could not decide.

“If you would step this way, sir, to the secretary’s office,” said the young man, “Sir Leopold Bull would be very much obliged.”

Philip mounted to his feet and, though he flatly refused to step that way, followed him—to his doom. That, however, was not to be instantaneous, for on his arrival Sir Leopold Bull, rising from his roll-top desk with a brief but thrilling smile, first proffered a plump white hand to his visitor and then a chair. It seemed to be a needlessly polite preamble to the interview that was to follow. Philip ignored the hand but took the chair...